

AMERICA THROUGH HINDU EYES



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BY

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OF COOCH BEHAR

CALCUTTA · THACKER, SPINK & CO

LONDON: W. THACKER & CO.

2 Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

1918

Price Rs. 4/8

Price in America \$ 2.00

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"The average man is profoundly ignorant of countries that lie remote from his own. When they are mentioned in his presence, one or two facts and may be a couple of names rise like torches in his mind, lighting up an inch or two of it and leaving the rest all dark. The mention of Egypt suggests some Biblical facts and the Pyramids—nothing more. The mention of South Africa suggests Kimberley and the diamonds and there an end. When India is mentioned to the citizen of a far country it suggests Clive, Hastings, the Mutiny, Kipling, the Black Hole of Calcutta and a number of other big events. Formerly the mention to a Hindoo, of America suggested a name—George Washington—with that his familiarity with our country was exhausted. Latterly his familiarity with it has doubled in bulk; so that when America is mentioned now, two torches flare up in the dark caverns of his mind and he says, 'Ah, the country of the great man—Washington; and of the Holy City—Chicago.' For he knows about the Congress of Religions, and this has enabled him to get an erroneous impression of Chicago."—Mark Twain.

PRINTED BY N. MUKHERJEE, B.A.
AT THE ART PRESS
1, WELLINGTON SQ., CALCUTTA

TO
HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA
SIR JITENDRA NARAYAN BHUP BAHADUR,
K.C.S.I.

OF COOCH BEHAR

THIS BOOK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

EDITOR'S FOREWORD.

Thus writes Kipling

“Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat.”

Can this be taken for gospel truth, when the human mind is fundamentally the same everywhere, and “above all nations is humanity.” The various nations differ from each other not so much in the divine instincts of patriotism, love, fellowship, etc., as in the various ways and habits of life, which are the outward gloss of civilization.

If India differs widely from England in these respects, she will naturally differ much more from the United States, which is her antipodal country. While the civilization of India is highly subjective and spiritualistic, that of the United States is quite objective and materialistic. A Countryman and co-religionist of mine,* speaking at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, truly said, “In the west you observe, watch, act, and speculate. In the east we contemplate, commune, and suffer ourselves to be carried away by the spirit of the Universe. In the west you wrest

*Rev. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

from nature her secrets, you conquer her ; she makes you wealthy and prosperous, you look upon her as your slave, and sometimes fail to realise her sacredness. In the east nature is our eternal sanctuary, and the sacredness of God's creation is only second to the sacredness of God himself. In the west you establish moral law, you insist upon propriety of conduct, you are governed by public opinion. In the east we aspire, perhaps vainly aspire, after absolute self-conquest and the holiness which makes God its model. In the west you work incessantly, and work is your worship. In the east we meditate and worship for long hours, and worship is our work. Perhaps one day after this Parliament has achieved its success, the western and eastern man shall combine to support each other's strength, and supply each other's deficiencies."

This book represents the impressions of a person from one of the oldest countries of the world, with one of the oldest civilizations, brought face to face with the newest civilization of the world's youngest country, and may therefore be of interest to its readers. I may say here that it is not in any way a philosophical or political treatise, but the reminiscences of a University man, who for three years lived with the Americans as one of them, and therefore had plenty of opportunities to study even the light and humorous side of an American's life. We read with interest the impressions of the Frenchman Max O'Rell about

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"John Bull and his Island." If the customs and manners of England appear peculiar and odd to the people of the neighbouring country of France, how much more would the ways and habits of the Americans strike a visitor from the other side of the globe! It is impossible, of course, to speak of the people of so vast a country like the United States, as one, or in general terms. A Californian is as different from a New Englander as a Mahratta from a Bengali, or an Irishman from a Scotchman

Before I close this foreword, I think it but right that I should say a few words about the author of the book. Having graduated from the University of Calcutta, he obtained a scholarship from the "Association for the Advancement of Scientific and Industrial Education of Indians" to study agriculture in America. After his arrival there, he spent a few months at Yale University, and at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station. He then joined the New York State Agricultural College at Cornell University, in Ithaca, New York State. In 1906 he obtained the degree of Master of Science in Agriculture from Cornell, and was the first student from India to gain the distinction. When at the time of Commencement,* he went up to the dais to receive the valued piece of parchment, from amongst more than six hundred students, including both boys and

*Convocation.

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girls, who had succeeded in obtaining their degrees, he was the only one, who had the honour of a handshake with the President of the University. His career had been a particularly brilliant one, and he set a standard, which I am glad to say, was worthily kept up by the other students from India who followed him. I have referred to this standard later on, in connection with my interview with the President of the University.

After he had obtained his Master's degree, he returned to India ; and within a month of his landing in Calcutta he received an appointment in the State of Cooch Behar, which brought us together for the first time. So his trip to the United States with me was his second venture. He took his first trip as a student to study agriculture, and his second one as an official to specialize in the culture and curing of tobacco. We travelled thousands of miles, and spent several months together in the United States and Cuba.

I was asked by the author to write an account of my short but highly instructive stay at Cornell University ; it has been used as the last chapter in the book. I would ask you, kind readers, not to do, as some who read novels do, *i.e.*, read the last chapter and find out if there is a happy ending. I do not pretend to possess any literary genius ; I have tried to put down in plain English my thoughts and impressions about America in that short chapter.

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This book was written several years ago, but various untoward circumstances prevented its publication. Many things have happened since then, and the ties between India and America are drawn closer now that the latter has joined the Allies in the great world war. The book is published with the hope that it may give a few pleasant hours to those who would go through it.

My special thanks are due to Mr. Jamini Prakash Gangooli, Vice-Principal, Calcutta Government School of Arts, for drawing the picture for the cover of the book, and to Mr. Sarat Chandra Gupta, M.A., Professor of English Literature, Victoria College, Cooch Behar, for the interpretation of that picture (given in Appendix A), and for his help in correcting the proofs. I must also express my thanks to Mr. S. Ghosh, B.A., formerly of the Home Civil Service, for going through portions of the Manuscript and the proofs, and rendering valuable assistance.

VICTOR N. NARAYAN.

COOCH BEHAR,

March, 1918.

PREFACE.

There are very few people from Hindusthan in the United States ; the American people therefore have fewer opportunities of knowing about them than about the Filipinos, the Chinese and the Japanese who are found in larger numbers in the States. While on the one hand, the minority of the Americans who came in contact with master-minds like Swami Vivekananda, Sir Jagadish Chunder Bose and Sir Rabindranath Tagore, have exalted notions about Hindu civilization, to the generality of the American people, on the other hand, India has no greater significance than that of being a land of palmists, jugglers and snake-charmers, where

“The poor benighted Hindoo
He does the best he kindoo (can do) ;
He sticks to his caste
From first to last,
And for pants, he makes his skindoo (skin do).”

And a Hindu visitor is often asked if there are more gods in India than there are men ; if the children are betrothed before they are born ; if the widows, as a rule, have to be sacrificed on the funeral pyres of their husbands ; and if live babies are thrown to the crocodiles of the river. These few pages, therefore, may not be uninteresting to my countrymen in India,

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as they deal with the reminiscences of a Hindu in the United States, especially in the American Universities, although they do not pretend to give more than a meagre information about that vast country, and the great people who inhabit it.

It is further hoped that this little book may not be unwelcome to the American people, who are more eager to get the opinions of a stranger about their own country than any other people in the world. Most of the matters dealt with in the book were discussed before American audiences and friends, and it was found that the impressions of oriental people about America greatly contributed to their enjoyment. The first questions that greet the stranger as soon as he lands in New York are "What do you think of this country? What do you think of those sky-scrappers?" Now if that stranger answers in the same candid manner in which he is questioned, and amidst a hundred strong points that the American people possess, mentions a few of their characteristics which may appear amusing to his oriental nature, may it not be expected that his observations will be taken in good spirit, especially when he comes from a country on the other side of the globe, about which the Americans themselves have all sorts of amusing ideas.

No one realises more than my humble self the difficulty of speaking in general terms of the people of so vast a country as the United States, where there are all types of humanity from the quiet,

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democratic New Englander, to the proud, aristocratic Virginian ; from the simple, open-hearted Texas man, to the reserved, undemonstrative Bostonian ; from the gay, easy-going Southerner, to the pushing, advertising Californian ; from the cultured, affable University man, to the mercantile, money-making multimillionaire ; from religious cranks and stump-orators, to renowned preachers and high class statesmen ; and from the working girl, to the Lady Doctor of Philosophy.

There is a chapter about "American globe-trotters in India," which, strictly speaking, though not forming a part of the reminiscences of America, has been included in the book, as it is allied to the subject.

Regarding the contents I beg to state that this volume does not include many things which are often found in treatises about America, *e.g.*, the early history of the United States, the present system of government, the different political parties, the system of slavery that existed before the Civil War, the race question which is perhaps the greatest problem of the United States at the present time, the practice of lynching that is in vogue in some of the States of the Union, the growth of American literature, the different religious sects of America, and various other subjects. In these few pages is written only the simple unvarnished tale of an oriental's experiences in the United States, and so the reader is not to expect in them any such matters as the genealogical table of

PREFACE

the American nobility descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, nor the list in chronological order of the rich American heiresses who made alliances with the titled aristocracy of Europe. He is also not to expect any fashionable gossips regarding the wealth of the multimillionaires designated as the Four Hundred of New York. Neither is he to expect any sensational topics, *e.g.*, the inroad of Red Indians with their tomahawks and poisoned darts, and other thrilling incidents of railway bandits and highway robberies which generally adorn the pages of books written about the States, but which unluckily for the readers and luckily for myself I had no occasion to witness during my sojourn in America.

Lastly I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to the works and periodicals from which quotations have been made in this book, especially in the Appendix.

I. B. D. M.

COOCH BEHAR,

March, 1918.

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CHAPTER I.

AMERICA AND AMERICANS.

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There is a country in the Western Hemisphere, overflowing with milk and honey, and most lavishly endowed with the choicest gifts of nature—from groves and geysers, peaks and prairies to falls and forests, caves and cañons;—a dreamland for the lover, the poet, and the philosopher;—an epitome of the world, and in fact a very paradise on earth;—a country where the human mind has made the greatest progress in the domain of practical science;

has achieved marvel after marvel, miracle after miracle, that has dumfounded the world with admiration and awe ; and has, as if by a mystic power, transformed the wildest dreams of the past into living realities of the present ;—a land of wizards and witches, of wonders and witchcraft ; and that country is the United States of America.

Only three hundred years old, her achievements have not been limited solely to the building of gigantic factories and magnificent cities, but she has covered her whole area with a network of telegraph and telephone wires, railroads and electric car lines—*elevated, surface, and subterranean*—such as no other country in the world, old or new, can boast of.

Her houses are fitted with lifts and her shops with automatic stairways ; and she has constructed her buildings of such magnitude that some of them are more than fifty stories in height ; and even the towers and monuments of the rest of the world are but modest little things in comparison with these, which she fondly calls *sky-scrapers*.

She is the youngest country in the world, but with her everything is on a gigantic scale. She has been used to millions in so vast a quantity that she has devised a higher standard—*multimillions*; and of the *multimillionaires* too, the number is legion. And these her wealthy sons, the *multimillionaires*, though rolling in their colossal fortunes—which they cannot compute by calculation or exhaust by spending—are still not satisfied with their wealth ; but long for more, and try to excel one another by forming monopolies and trusts to make the rest of their country's gold flow into their own pockets.

There are the slaughter-houses of Chicago. There is a joke that you put live pigs in one end of the machines, and you get sausages at the other. Thousands and thousands of animals are being daily killed and flayed, dressed and prepared, in a ceaseless round of machinery. The art of butchery and the science of cooking seem to be combined and carried to their utmost perfection in the States.

Surpassing all these achievements, the

mighty children of America have harnessed that divine cascade of purity, that ever-playing organ of nature, that wonder of wonders—the Niagara Falls ; and they have been making her work their factories and run their machines, like the fettered slaves of old.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Even the fairy tales lose their interest and appear stale in comparison with these realities. There is only one United States. She is the only country that has a monopoly of grand and imposing specialities on the one hand, and weird and outlandish phenomena on the other.

The United States is the witches' cauldron in which the races of the world have been boiled down to produce the newest type of humanity. She is the charmed pot, where the Slavonic, the Gaelic, the Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon have been mingled together to form the modern American nation. On account of the mixture of races, the hair of the American is not of one uniform colour, as the red of the Anglo-Saxon or the black of the Latin people ; neither are his eyes of one particular colour, as the light

blue of the English, or the dark eye of the Italian or Spaniard. The hair of the American is of all shades, and his eyes a variety of colours. Neither are the American women all blondes or all brunettes. Both the classes are found in all proportions in different states of the Union. But however widely one American may differ from another in his outward appearance, the American forms a type by himself, and a marked one too; and anybody who has got a pair of eyes in his head can at once pick him out from the other nations of the globe. "Of course the ideal dissipated-looking Yankee, with his six-shooter, bowie-knife, and knuckle-duster is now confined to the pencil of the caricaturist ; just as John Bull in his blue coat, brass buttons, breeches and top boots no longer exists in the flesh."

The Americans are perhaps the most go-ahead and progressive people in the world; but their progress is more on the objective than on the subjective side, more on the materialistic than on the spiritualistic side of life. It is said that the civilization of the

'Americans is a superstructure on gold and silver, and that they measure their civilization by their material prosperity—by their skyscrapers and factories, sugar and sulphuric acid, peaches and apples, beef and pork. One of the statements I heard in America is that the civilization of a country is measured by the amount of sugar consumed; and that the *per capita* consumption of sugar being higher in the United States than in any other country, the United States, is the most civilized country on the face of the earth.

The youngest nation of the world, the Americans like all juveniles, are proud of themselves, of their achievements, of the country they have built up, of their everything. In other parts of the world, people love their country because they were born and brought up there, because it is there that their friendships have been formed and their affections centred; but the Americans love their country not only because it is the land of their birth, but also because they believe that theirs is the best country in the world.

The American's admiration for his country is so great that he talks about everything of America in hyperboles and in the superlative degree. Go to whatever part of the United States you like, you will be there shown something, which is either the largest or the highest, the broadest or the longest, the richest or the prettiest thing in the world. Go to Boston, Mass., for instance, and you will be told that the first Church of Christian Scientists there is the largest church in the world. Go to Richmond, Va., and there also you will be told that the statue of Washington in the Capital Park is the best not only in Virginia, not only in the United States, but there also the same expression, "the best in the world." Forget St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome, the Cathedral of Milan, St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and the statues of the Old World for the time being; and take the American at his word. Even then you will be perplexed. If you hear at Washington, D. C., that the Congressional Library is the largest in the world—larger even than the British Museum, when you come to

Boston, and take the automobile trip, the guide will tell you that the Boston Public Library is the largest of all. Argue with him and he will modify his statement by saying, "I mean the largest circulating library." In a town of ten thousand people in the States, while I was shopping in a particular shop, an American friend told me with great emphasis that it was the best-equipped store in the world. On expressing my doubts, he added in a whisper, "Considering the size of the town." This reminded me of a tailor named Alexander who put on his shop the signboard, "Alexander, the Great tailor ;" the words "Alexander the Great" in letters three feet long, and the word "tailor" in letters so small that you could hardly see.

While I was in Virginia I met a planter who was rather in poor circumstances. He was, according to his own statement, living from hand to mouth. His home was ten miles from the nearest town, consisting of a thousand people, and there he went in a buggy once a week to receive his mail and buy the neces-

saries of life other than those which he could produce on his own farm. His nearest neighbours were about two miles away, and his social intercourse was confined to his wife and children. The temperature in the summer rose to 90 degrees in the shade, and the flies were guests in his home in squadrons of thousands. The country roads registered the high-water mark of engineering skill. If you go driving on them, you find that the axle-box of one wheel runs one foot above the axle-box of another. If you have any trouble with the horse, and fall down senseless from the buggy with your arms and legs broken, you will probably have to remain in that state five or six hours before a second buggy passes that way, and the passer-by carries you to the nearest household which may be a few miles away. If you happen to have a spark of life left in you, you will have to wait several hours more before you can get the country quack from the nearest settlement to visit you. Such were the conditions under which the planter lived. It is said that talent can be cultivated

in private, if not character. But the planter did not seem to be of a literary turn of mind, so he could not beguile his idle moments by reading books and having intellectual intercourse with the master minds of the world ; neither did he seem to be endowed with that wealth of mind like the Hindu sages who live in the midst of nature far away from human abodes, and pass their time in religious meditation. He was not, indeed, the kind of being that could say with the exiled Duke in the Forest of Arden :

“And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in everything,
 I would not change it.”

The planter was, however, quite contented with his out-of-the-way life. He told me that he had got an offer through the United States Department of Agriculture to go to India and teach the people there the American method of curing tobacco, at a remuneration which was a good deal higher than what he got in his home country. The engagement was only for a few

years, but he preferred not to leave his country even temporarily.

It is said that the American's love for his country is so strong, that if he had the choice between Heaven and the land of his birth, he would unhesitatingly prefer the latter. A story is told illustrating the love of country of the Bostonian. His wife dies and goes to Heaven, and he telephones to her :

From earth—"Hallo."

From Heaven—"Hallo."

"Is that you, Angelina dear?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, how do you like it up there?"

"It is all right here, but it is not Boston."

But the patriotism of the Virginian beats even that of the Bostonian. I heard the following story in Virginia: A man in Heaven was tied to a stake. Somebody seeing him in that plight said to St. Peter: "Your Holiness, is Heaven a free country?"

"Of course, yes."

"Then why is that gentleman over there tied to a stake?"

“Because he loves his own country better than Heaven ; if we were to set him free, the first thing he would do would be to quit Heaven, and go back to earth.”

“Is that so? Where is he from?”

“From what other place can he be? He is from Virginia.”

CHAPTER II.

AMERICA AND AMERICANS—*Continued.*

Some anomalies in nomenclature—Hindu dressed in feathers and blankets—"English spoken, American understood"—The most go-ahead people—Not tied down to traditions—Simplified spelling—Cutting short the Red Indians' names—Dignity of labour—No American beggars—"The governor is a fellow of the name of Crothers"—Yale Reunion—Cornell Spring Day—Love of excitement—The Black Hole of Calcutta—Wake up only to find himself dead—Martyr in the cause of progress.

There are several anomalies regarding the nomenclature of America and her inhabitants. Columbus discovered the New World, but it was after Amerigo Vespucci, who came later that the country was called America. Because Columbus when he discovered the continent, thought it was India, the primitive inhabitants have been misnamed Indians, so that if a real Indian from India now lands in America,

to avoid confusion, he will have to call himself East Indian or Hindu. If the stranger through his ignorance of American history, introduces himself as an Indian, the people will take him for an American Red Indian, and will expect to see the poor Hindu dressed in feathers and blankets. It may also be argued that if the continent is called America, then the aborigines, of all men, have the primary right to bear the name of Americans. But the white settlers usurped not only the lands of the red men, but also the name to which they were entitled.

Although the Americans are a composite people, made up of the different nations of Europe, the language of the country, however, is English. But there are so many Americanisms, even if the slang expressions are not taken into consideration, that an Englishman or a person well-versed in the English language would hardly understand many of the American words when he hears them for the first time. He will be confronted with linguistic difficulty as soon as he lands from the steamer, and learn

that the tram is called a *car*, the lift is called an *elevator*, the shop is a *store*, the railway station is a *depot*, the guard is a *conductor*, the travelling bag is a *grip*, the theatre is a *show*, and so forth. That French shopkeeper must have had a keen sense of humour, who on the signboard of his shop at Rue de Rivoli in Paris put down the following statement :

“ENGLISH SPOKEN, AMERICAN UNDERSTOOD.”

The American in the beginning found himself face to face with a vast undeveloped country, which engendered in him a spirit of enterprise and gave ample scope to his inventive genius, so that at the present day he is supposed to be the most *go-ahead* of all the peoples in the world. When an Englishman says “*all right*,” the American says “*go ahead*.” These last two words strike to a student of sociology the whole keynote of the American character. The American is not tied down to traditions; he does not stick always to the beaten track, but he carves out a path for himself. His *go-ahead* nature is

perceptible in every sphere of life. Life is short and every moment is valuable to him, so he has changed the slow English game of cricket into the quick American baseball game. He does not follow a custom simply because it has the sanction of history and antiquity in its favour. He has no blind veneration for a time-honoured system. He invents new things and improves upon the old; he *goes ahead*. He has not only cut short the English game, but he has also cut short many English words by forming the code of simplified spelling; and there he has not stopped. He is not satisfied with divesting the mother tongue alone of its superfluous appendages, but he has also introduced systematic pruning into the reservation of the American Indians, and is having their poetic and historic names cut short to suit the demands of the business world. If the ancestors of the American bore a big Russian name as Nevinsky or Wolkowisky, that also he would shorten to Nevins or Walker.

There is a spirit of self-help and self-

reliance, and consequently a consciousness of the dignity of labour in the United States which is hard to parallel in other countries. It is the condition of the country with a vast area and a comparatively small population that makes it imperative for everyone to work for its upbuilding. It is this condition which has engendered in the American not only his pushing *go-ahead* nature, but its necessary concomitant,—the spirit of independence and the desire of making his way in the world with his own unaided resources. America is the only country where manual labour is not considered undignified; where menial work is not looked down upon, but is associated with honour and glory. She is the only country in the world where the garb of the labourer is the garb of the victor in life, and the farmer of to-day is the Head of the State to-morrow.

In India a man with a false notion of family pride would rather be a burden upon his rich friends and relations than resort to working; but in America where no work is dishonourable, a man of the highest culture and learning

will take recourse to the lowest menial profession before he will stoop to charity or the abject livelihood of begging. There is a place for everyone in America except the idler, the loafer, and the beggar. During the whole three years of my stay in the States I came in contact with a beggar only once. It was in Boston in Huntington Avenue, near the Conservatory. The man was about thirty-five years old, strong and healthy, and was coming from an opposite direction. My turban attracted him; he approached me and asked if I could spare something for him. He said that he was coming from Michigan, that he felt very hungry and wanted to go to an eating-house. His looks and manners reminded me of Jean Valjean in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. I thought he must be a goal-bird; my first impulse, therefore, was to avoid him. But the luxury of giving something to a beggar, which I had never before had in the United States, urged me not to miss this chance, so I gave him a 50-cent piece and proceeded on my way. Even then I

was not free. He called me back saying, "Let me thank you before you go." He was no better than a tramp, but he did not have the cringing ways of a beggar. I certainly could not do the collection in a church with greater dignity than he did the begging.

No kind of work is considered dishonourable in America. I once asked an American what was supposed to be the humblest occupation in his country. He replied, "There is none," and that is a fact. In India we might say the scavenger's and street-sweeper's is the lowest profession, but in the United States many University students not only wait on tables, but even sweep the streets. I saw even a Dean of one of the biggest American Universities shovelling snow with his own hands. No one who earns an honest living is looked down upon for his profession, however low it may appear in the eyes of the people of the Old World. On account of this consciousness of the dignity of labour, every man in America considers himself equal to everyone else. I once asked a Pullman conductor, who

hailed from Maryland, "Who is the Governor of your State?" He replied, "A fellow of the name of Crothers." In other countries a man would mention the Chief of the Executive of his province in more respectful terms, but the American conductor had no better epithet to use than the word *fellow*, even while talking to a stranger. The spirit of equality may be a death-knell to all sorts of cringing, but at the same time it must be admitted that this extreme democratic feeling is also accountable for apparent want of politeness; but one cannot find unmixed good anywhere.

As there is no class distinction in the States, the word Esquire is not used after any gentleman's name as is the custom in England; and every man is addressed as Mr.———, the form of address that is principally applied in business letters in England to the mercantile people. In official letters too, one would never subscribe himself as "I have the honour to be, Sir, Your most obedient servant;" only in case of extreme politeness "Yours respectfully" would be the

form used. It is said that once a Pastor, the Rev. X had a letter addressed to him in the form of "Mr. X, who calls himself Reverend." In connection with this extreme democratic spirit of the country, I may speak of the humorous illustration which I saw in an American paper of a High School girl, the daughter of the grocer of a country store, going with the crowd to shake hands with the President of the United States, and saying at the time of departure "Ta-ta, Mr. President, shall see you again."

In America you would not find that amount of parade and display of grandeur which you find in Europe, and in Persia, India, and other oriental countries. There is not much pomp and splendour in the everyday life of the American, in the way of liveried attendants and retainers, nor any great formality and red tape in the official life. He has his processions, but they are characterized more by the jocose element than by the serious air of the eastern hemisphere. Go and see the processions during the Commencement Week of a

University like Yale ; there you will not only find the graduating students in their caps and gowns, and the professors in their academical costumes, but you will also find the alumni dressed up in all sorts of fantastic garbs that human imagination can think of : One batch, for instance, like kilted Highlanders with bare knees ; a second batch like American Indians with feathers and blankets ; a third batch like Japanese with long kimonos ; and the whole city of more than a hundred thousand people—men, women, boys, and girls—crazy to see the parade. If you want to see anything more of a similar kind, go and see the Spring Day festival of a University like Cornell. There you will not only see the Texas Cowboys' horsemanship, the great Delhi Durbar of Hindusthan, the American Indians' Peace of Fire, but also a sham Spanish bull-fight, a terrible cock-fight between two roosters of human proportions, and many other similar performances. You will see before you a large student-body metamorphosed into zoological kingdoms, at the sight of which even the

collection of animals in Barnum and Bailey would simply fly in terror.

The American is characterized by a love of excitement, and his national game testifies to that fact. Tell me the national game of a country, and I will tell you the nature of the people residing there. The national game of the English is cricket, that of the American is baseball. The one is philosophic and slow, lasting for two or three days; the other is exciting and impetuous, ending in a couple of hours. Association football though much safer than American football is not in favour in the States, as it is considered too mild.

One must be built of the hardest material, in order to be able to live in big American cities like New York. The street cars in those places bear testimony to the tough mettle of the residents. The cars seldom come to a full stop except for ladies, and one has to take his chance to get into a moving car with safety. The capacity of the cars is supposed to be unlimited. Enter as many as you will, the conductor will never say "No." There are

quite as many passengers standing as there are sitting. Those standing inside amongst the crowd are kept oscillating by forces on both sides, and have their heads knocked against those of others, times without number. Of course, there are leather straps inside for people to take hold of, to maintain their balance and keep themselves from falling on the innocent heads of the seated individuals. Really the overcrowded condition of the American street cars, where a person is jammed and suffocated, cannot but remind a student of Indian history of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

In big cities of the States, it is not always the great struggle for existence which engenders in the people a hustling nature and a chronic state of feverish excitement, which it is hard to parallel in other parts of the world. It is often the spirit of money-making which goads people to overwork. Money is not often earned for livelihood or from an altruistic motive; but in many cases from a desire to surpass the rivals in splendour and wealth, and for the sake of gambling with fortune. The

cycle "life is motion, motion is work, work is money, money is power" seems to be the chief motto; and *hurry and hustle* seems to be the principal keynote of life. People work and work till they cannot work any longer, and a man's main ambition is to die like a warhorse with the harness on the back.

The American is all right, with the exception of a little indigestion and a little toothache on account of his *quick lunch* habits, a little sprain and a little black eye on account of his *hurry and hustle* in outdoor life, and a little wound and a little fracture due to accidents and calamities, which are everyday occurrences in the States. He is all right; only when he goes to sleep he may breathe his last any moment, and—as the Irishman would say—*wake up only to find himself dead*. Life is quite safe in America, only in the house where you live, fire breaks out at any instant; and when you walk in the streets, the elevated cars sometimes topple down on your heads; when you get into a train, it is frequently derailed; and when you get into a steamer, it

often sinks. These are a few of the blessings of civilization, and if you die under any of these circumstances, you are only a martyr in the cause of progress.

CHAPTER III.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

Three varieties—Cowboy girl—Booby prize in matrimony—Master artist—Beauty doctors—Ladies' hats—Never-failing conversational faculty—All-wise—As nimble as a squirrel—World of women and wonders—She forms the aristocracy—"O! Make me an American woman!"

*(Delivered before the summer students of
Emerson College of Oratory, Boston,
in July, 1908)*

The American woman is of three varieties: the western, the southern, and the northern. The western woman is one extreme, the southern woman is another extreme, the northern woman is the medium between the two.

The western woman is a genuine American product which is not found in any other country. Her attitude towards man is not one

of dependence but of comradeship. She stands on her own unaided resources ; she shines all by herself. She is like the plant of the forest that can stand the hail and the rain, and the wind and the storm, depending on nature alone for her growth and development, without the protection and the fostering care of man. She can ride on horseback fifty miles at a stretch ; compared with her the men of other countries are but women. No wonder she is called the *bachelor girl* and the *cowboy girl* of the west.

The southern woman, on the other hand, is a delicate hot-house plant, carefully reared and trained. She is not an independent factor like the western woman ; without the help of man she is like a cripple without a crutch. United with man she stands, divided she falls. She is like the tender creeper, entwining with its tendrils the tree that protects it from the fury of the wind and the storm, and all other external disasters. The very fact of her dependence on the stronger sex makes her an object of charm and attraction to her male friends, and leaves them enough scope to

display their gallantry and chivalry. It is not for the southern woman to grow and live and die in single blessedness; wedded life is her proper sphere, with somebody to take care of her and reciprocate her love. And hence in matrimonial affairs a southern woman would rather have a booby prize than no prize at all.

The northern girl, as already stated, strikes the middle course between her western and southern sisters. The western girl would horsewhip a man if he did not behave himself; the Northern girl would *cut him out* and boycott him; the southern girl would depend on her *daddy* to give him a good *licking*. If you would like to follow the Christmas custom under the mistletoe,* and if your girl friend is from the west, you will perhaps be greeted with a slap on the cheek; if she is a northern girl, she will probably cry out, "O, you knave! How dare you do so!" And if she

*The mistletoe is a plant parasitic on the apple and other fruit trees, on the thorn, the oak, the poplar, the lime, the ash, the Scotch fir, etc. It finds a large market when preparation is being made for Christmas festivities and sports. The mistletoe is considered as an emblem of love, and it is the prevailing custom to extort a kiss from a person passing under it

is a southern girl, she may address you as "O, you *honey*!" and may turn the other cheek as well. The western girl would ask a foreign friend, "How do you *fellows* like our country?" The northern girl would say, "Do you feel very homesick?" The southern girl, especially if it is a leap year in the calendar,† would ask him, "Would you like to settle in this country? Or perhaps you have left a sweetheart behind."

The western woman is the product of the wild prairies, the southern woman is the product of the sunny summers; the northern woman is the product of the snowy winters. Think of the prairies, the sun, and the snow respectively, and you will know what the western, the southern, and the northern women are like. In the west, the American woman is an object of utility; in the south, she is an object of ornament; in the north, she is a blending of both in a smaller degree. In the

†The general custom is that men should propose to women; but it is said that in leap years, it is not unconventional for a woman to propose to a man.

west, she is full of vigour ; in the south, she is sentimental ; in the north, she is intellectual. The western woman impresses the spirit ; the southern woman impresses the heart, the northern woman impresses the mind. I like them all.

The American woman is a master artist. The woman of India uses collyrium for painting her eye-lashes, and lac-dye for painting her feet ; the American woman, on the other hand, applies powders to her face, and hydrogen peroxide to her hair, and changes the colour of her hair at the hair-dresser's whenever it pleases her fancies. It is in the matter of hair-dressing that the American woman beats her Hindu sister by great odds. There is not one particular style of the dressing of hair in America as in India ; but each stylish American dame has her favourite *rats** ; and she dresses her hair in her own way to match with her pretty oval, square, or round face, with as much care and deliberation as

*Rats are tufts of artificial hair sold in American shops in different shapes and patterns.

with which she selects and buys her spring and summer, autumn and winter fifty-dollar hat.

There are beauty doctors in America who can make short persons tall, flat nose pointed, and fat persons thin. To be tall and slim the American woman would undergo all sorts of hardships; to reduce her volume, she would abstain from food, if need be. And this she would do perhaps with better grace than the Maori woman of New Zealand while undergoing the operation of tattooing, or the Chinese woman while subjected to the ordeal of checking the growth of her feet by means of wooden shoes.

The American woman although she is usually tall, wears hats with plumes and feathers that considerably add to her natural tallness. With the hatpins and plumage pointing in all directions, her face, of course, looks like a rose amid a hundred thorns. I shall look at it, I shall admire it from a distance, but I shall never venture to approach it. I am afraid of those pins and feathers, for I may be scratched.

What a great variety of hats are worn by women in America! In size and shape, in colour and contents, the patterns are perhaps as countless as the stars in the sky. Even apart from the æsthetic side, how instructive they are! One can study the whole floral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdom on the hats of the American woman. Go to a large gathering and look at the hats; you will think you are in a botanical garden or a zoological museum. You will not only see in the hats lilies, carnations, and roses,—red and pink and white and yellow,—but also clusters of grapes and ears of wheat, and ferns, and even grasses. And among the animals you will not only find doves and pigeons and other representatives of the feathered kingdom; but also sometimes curling snakes matching with the curling hair of the owner of the hat. The American milliner has ransacked the whole world and selected the prettiest things for the decoration of the hat of the American woman. He makes the fruits and flowers, vegetables and birds, all pay homage to her. Fearing

that her pretty face alone may not be enough to make her the centre of attraction in the world, he has put all those in her bonnet, and there is nothing wanting to satisfy the taste even of the most fastidious. The birds and flowers on her hat have attraction for the naturalist ; the fruits and vegetables have attraction for the epicurean ; and besides these, the grass and fodder on her hat have attraction for the horses and cattle !

The American woman is used to getting compliments ; she takes nothing seriously, she takes everything easy. She may be talking with a dozen admirers simultaneously, and they may be paying her compliments unceasingly and unreservedly, but all those compliments will be flying away. She does not believe in the maxim, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." She tries to prolong the period of courtship as long as she possibly can, for who would like to give up her sovereignty over the many for a sovereignty over the one ? She would rather be the uncultured flower on the plant, scattering her fragrance far and wide,

distributing her sweetness to all the suitors, than take her place on the button-hole of a single favoured one.

I admire the beauty, the charm, the attractiveness of the American woman, but I none the less admire her never-failing conversational faculty. Women are living gramophones and ceaseless talking machines all the world over. If in their moments of consciousness they refrain from talking which they hardly ever do, even then their chin is constantly moving : In India they are always chewing betel leaves, and in America they are eating either chocolates or candies. No wonder suggestion has been made to utilize the chin power of the women-folk as a motor for the sewing machine by connecting the chin with the wheel. The superiority of the American woman to her oriental sisters lies in the fact that she knows everything ; she is all-wise, she is omniscient. Talk to her about any topics, from domestic science to politics, she can throw some light on all. But reserve talking of philosophy, religion, and other dry

matters to authoresses and professor's wives only, otherwise you will be considered a bore. To the young and unmarried ladies, as a general rule, do not talk of anything but theatres and parties and dances and the like ; else she will find the conversation rather dull and uninteresting.

The American woman is full of vitality ; whatever she does, she does quickly.

“Compared to the speed of her flight

The tempest itself lags behind,

And the swift-winged arrows of light.”

The Hindu idea of the graceful movement of a woman, namely, *gajendragāminī*, that is walking slowly in the full bloom of youth with the dignified gait of an elephant, would be considered ridiculous in America. Look how the American woman dances ! In a moment she is all over the place. She sweeps the floor like a butterfly ; she is as nimble as a squirrel.

If you want to see the sprightliness of the American woman, go to any public office, where she works as a stenographer and typewriter, and see how quickly she moves her

fingers. Go to the Treasury of the United States Government at Washington, D. C., where she works as a counter of money, and see with what dexterity she counts paper money pile after pile, not only without committing a single error, which means some deduction from her salary, but also talking and laughing and merrymaking all the while. Go to any factory where there is a place for the American woman, and see, in whatever division of labour she is placed, how automatically she works the whole day, with only half an hour's leave for lunch, and yet without the slightest trace of disgust or unhappiness on her face. You do not think she is human ; you go away with the idea that she is a spirit on whom the worldly cares and anxieties, fatigues and troubles do not make any mark.

America is not only *the Domain of Dollars and Democracy*, she is also *the World of Women and Wonders*. The women shed lustre to whatever sphere they place themselves. When they take it into their minds to enter into the spheres of men, then also

they play their part remarkably well. I have seen girls in High Schools taking lessons in carpentry, in Colleges and Universities taking lessons in engineering, I have seen women run elevators in women's Colleges. I have seen all these and I have been dumfounded with wonder and admiration.

In America, the land of so-called democracy, it is the woman who forms the aristocracy ; it is she who takes the lead and precedence in all social functions. In Asia, the wife follows the husband ; in Europe they go together ; in America she *goes ahead*. Asia treats her women patronisingly ; Europe treats them on equal terms ; America idolizes and worships them. If you want to find out the country which has made the greatest advancement in elevating the condition of woman, if not in all phases of life, at least physically and intellectually,—the country where woman is not in the low state of a dead limb and a retarding factor, but in the grand position of a guiding spirit and an active co-worker,—I should point to the United

States. If you ask me under what sky the gentler sex enjoy the greatest liberty, the greatest rights and privileges of all their sisters in the world, again I should point to the United States. I quite share the sentiments of Max O'Rell, who said, "If I had to be born again, and might choose my sex and my birth-place, I would shout to the Almighty at the top of my voice, 'Oh, please make me an American woman !' "

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY—AT YALE (1905).

"We drink in the summer to make ourselves cool, and in the winter to make ourselves warm"—"So he drinks the whole d—business"—"We drink in moderation and never get drunk"—Oceans of knowledge—"You know, Lady Curzon is an American lady"—Connecticut Yankees—Rudyard Kipling—"Mandalay"—"Are Kipling's pictures of India true to life?"—Victim of American journalism.

A few days after my arrival in the States, I called upon an American friend who was going to take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of Yale University in the course of a week. He offered me a drink, which I very politely refused. On questioning me he learnt that the students in India as a general rule are absolute teetotalers. This quite upset his philosophic mind, and he asked in astonishment, "How can you live in a country like

India without drinking? In our country we drink in the summer to make ourselves cool, and in the winter to make ourselves warm." He, however, contented himself with simply drinking my health without urging me any further. But all the while I was with him, he looked at me and thought that India must be a very funny country indeed ; everything there must be strange and outlandish.

I had a more embarrassing experience in store for me in the Yale Graduate Club, which is composed of the University Faculty, the alumni, and the graduate students. I was in the midst of a small party who had gathered round me to ask questions about India, and add a little to their already unlimited stock of knowledge. The oldest gentleman in the party, who, in fact, was the one I came to know first, and who it was that introduced me to the rest, asked me if I would not have some drink. I did not want to be rude, but as I was not sure if there were any soft drinks I did not know what to answer. Noticing my hesitation, the gentleman began to enumerate some soft

drinks for my enlightenment, among which I thought I heard gingerade. Now gingerade, like lemonade and orangeade, is a non-alcoholic drink, which we quite often take in India; so I felt relieved at the mention of gingerade, and thanked my stars that at last I could avoid being rude. Just as a drowning man as a means of safety catches at whatever comes in his way—even at a small piece of straw, so in my perplexity I clung to gingerade with a thankful heart, and at once ordered for a bottle. But my star was still in the descendant. The ordered-for bottle came. I looked at the label, and what did I see? It was not gingerade, but *ginger-ale* written in big letters. I began to think in my mind that ale was alcoholic; so ginger-ale, which evidently contained ale, must be alcoholic too, and would make me drunk. So the bottle remained untouched. The gentleman twice reminded me of my drink, but I evidently remained absorbed in conversation, and in answering the questions of others. Later on I came to know that ginger-ale is a soft drink, and I afterwards took it quite often,

but on that occasion I simply made a fool of myself,—a reminiscence which gave me many laughing hours afterwards.

In that gathering I also found that the Americans were a very broad-minded people, and as such they were open to all kinds of drinks, indigenous or foreign, alcoholic or non-alcoholic. What a variety of drinks did they order for ! One for a cocktail, a second for a highball, a third for a beer, a fourth one for something else ; in fact each one for a different drink. Really, if the American is questioned about his being cosmopolitan, he can certainly give proof of it by his cosmopolitanism in drinking habits. Verily it has been said :

“The Frenchman loves his glass of wine ;

The German loves his beer ;

The Englishman takes his 'alf and 'alf,

Because it brings good cheer ;

The Irishman takes his whiskey straight,

Because it gives him dizziness ;

The American has no particular taste,

So he drinks the whole d— business.”

One of the Yale Faculty, learning that I

was an absolute temperance man, remarked to me, "You see Mr. De, how we drink in moderation and never get drunk. There is a place for everyone in this country except a drunkard." And that is a fact. During my stay in the States, I seldom came across a drunken man; and whenever I did so, he was found to be either a negro or a *white trash*. Although the Americans drink whatever comes handy, they do not, however get drunk by drinking in excess. Their drinking (as I learned from my student friend mentioned before) is based upon deep philosophy. It is the extreme climate of the country, with a too hot summer and a too cold winter that induces them to drink. In the summer, their drink does the work of the electric fan; and in the winter, the work of the *radiator* and the *register*.*

I must not take leave of this little group of members I met in the Yale Graduate Club without paying tribute to their deep knowledge

*The radiator and the register are appliances used for heating rooms in America. The old English hearths are seldom found in American houses.

and versatility. The variety of questions they asked me about India and their vast information about the life and conditions in my country simply astounded me. I could not but feel in my mind that these gentlemen, although they had never been to India, knew more about her in certain respects than I did,—being an inhabitant of the place. In fact, I learned more from their questions than they did from my answers. Facts and figures about the population, the religion, the castes, the languages, the mineral resources, the industries, and the famines of India seemed to be at their fingers' ends. They asked me questions on so many phases and from so many stand-points that I came to think of many things which never crossed my mind before.

The specialist in Botany gave the number of deaths every year due to snake-bites in India. The specialist in Chemistry asked me about the derivation of the word "Hindusthan," and he himself suggested that the Sanskrit root of *sthan* was perhaps akin to the Latin *sto*, to stand. I found that each one by

himself was an ocean of knowledge. I thought that if these gentlemen knew so much about India, their knowledge about their own country must be unlimited, and their wisdom must be quite unfathomable. The next morning I went to the University Library, and consulted the Encyclopædia and some literature on India in order to equip myself thoroughly for any future cross-examinations by these savants of Yale.

Now apart from all those questions which affect only India, there was a topic which every gentleman touched upon, a topic which was evidently a matter of pride and glory with them. It was about Lady Curzon, then the Vicereine of India, and the central figure among three hundred millions of people.

At first comes a gentleman whom I shall call Dr. A. We are introduced; we shake hands and say we are glad to meet each other. Then says Dr. A, "Tell me, Mr. De, if Lord Curzon is popular in India." On my answering his question, he continued, "Now, how about Lady Curzon?"

I say, "Why, she is very popular indeed. She is a paragon of beauty ; and by her sweet and charming ways, she has won the hearts of the people of India, who are simply proud of her."

Dr. A, "You know, Mr. De, she is an American lady."

Then comes another, whom I shall call Dr. B. He says, "Tell us, Mr. De, something about the Delhi Durbar. You know, many of the Americans went to see it." I guess what he is driving at. Dr. B continues, "They were the guests of Lady Curzon, who, of course, you know is an American lady. Now tell us, is she liked by the people of India?"

Now comes a Dr. No. 3, whom I shall call Dr. C (it appears that every man is a Ph.D. in Yale). He asks me if there are many Americans in India, and if I met any. Then he continues, "Why, I forgot, the Vicereine of India herself is an American. She is the daughter of Mr. Leiter, the multimillionaire. In the papers I read a lot about her. I wish I could have been in India at the time of the great

Durbar. Now tell us Mr. De, how did Lady Curzon come out of it?"

Then there comes a fourth. The same old topic is in every mouth. When I bade all of them good-night, the last words I heard them saying among themselves was about the marriage of Miss Leiter with the Englishman, George Nathaniel Curzon, afterwards Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

The Yankees of New Haven, Conn., where the University was located, also often questioned me about Rudyard Kipling. I use the term Yankee, as it is particularly applicable to Connecticut people. As Dr. W told me, the people outside the States called the United States people Yankees, the United States people called the New England people Yankees, and the New England people called the Connecticut people Yankees. About the origin of the word several explanations are given. The most reasonable one, however, seems to be that it is a corrupted form of the word "English," as applied by the American Indians to the first settlers. A United States man who was in

Mexico told me that the Mexicans who could not pronounce "Y," called the United States people not Yankees, but *Gingos*.

But this is a digression. Now about Rudyard Kipling. It seemed to me that everybody in Yale, student or professor, was familiar with his books, and thus knew something about India. I used to take my meals in the Yale Commons, which, by the way, is the largest Boarding Hall for students in the United States, accommodating about eleven hundred students at a time. As I entered Yale as a graduate student I was placed at a graduate table. The first student at the table to whom I was introduced was of a philosophic turn of mind. He thus began his conversation: "How many times I have thought I would go to India, and sitting under a banyan tree, contemplate upon the Creator and the creation like the sages of your country. Mr. De, in this country we know India mostly through Kipling. Have you read his *Kim*? How pathetic is the story of the Lama who was in search of a mythological river, the River of

the Arrow, a bath which, he believed, would wash away all taint of sin. By it one could obtain freedom from the Wheel of Things. Tell me, Mr. De, is the story true to life?"

Then came a second one. After the usual introduction he said, "Kipling in his *Ballad of East and West* says :

'O, East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat.'

Do you believe in that?"

Then he said, "I have lately been reading Kipling's *Naulahka*. Do the people of India smoke opium much?"

Then he said again, "I was always under the impression that the ladies of India were strictly guarded in the harem, and that they had no chance of talking with outsiders. Now, do you think the picture of Rani Sitabai is overdrawn?" After answering his questions, I had just turned my attention to the victuals on the table when there came another to converse with me. He seemed to be of a livelier

disposition than the others. As soon as the introduction was over, he said, "You come from India? I am always fond of reading about your country. I love Kipling. I love his *Barrack Room Ballads*. I always sing them to myself." Then he began to recite portions of "Mandalay."

"An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin'
white cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen
idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud——

What they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
kissed 'er where she stud!"

After reciting the above, he said, "Do the women of India smoke, Mr. De? Have you ever been to Burma? Are the girls there very pretty?" On hearing my reply, he went on reciting:

"With 'er arm upon my shoulder and 'er
cheek agin my cheek,

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis*
pilin' teak."

This time he asked, "Are the elephants used

in India for piling timber?" On my answering in the affirmative, he continued :

"No! you won't 'eed nothin' else,
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells."

This time he questioned me, "Do they use much garlic in India?" Then he continued again :

"Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer
Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do
they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and——
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!"

This time he said, "Does your heart pine for the girls you left behind in India? Tell me Mr. De, are Kipling's pictures overcoloured?"

I answer that question for the third time, but still I have no relief, for in the meantime a fourth arrives. I was thinking in my mind what his question would be,—would he harp upon the same Kipling theme, or would he

turn the tide of conversation into some other channel? No my first surmise was correct. He began the conversation by saying that he was very fond of Kipling. He had been lately reading his *Jungle Books* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* with great interest. In the meantime I had managed somehow to finish my lunch, and before the fourth gentleman could ask me if the tales he had been lately reading were of an exaggerated character or true to life, I bade good-bye to all and made a hasty retreat.

The next day I found myself a victim in the columns of the *New Haven Register*. These are some of the lines :

MR. DE OF INDIA HERE AS STUDENT.

His turban made life exciting at first, but
now he likes it.

Don't mention Kipling to him.

New Haven's cosmopolitan family of students from the four corners of the world

received a noteworthy addition in the arrival of Mr. I. B. De of India. . . . Mr. De is now beginning to enjoy his New Haven life, but at first he was rather up against it in the matter of American customs. For a few days after his arrival, he appeared before a startled public, wearing a bright yellow turban, which made him a close ringer for the Raja of Bong in *The Country Girl*. . . . Although Mr. De is making friends fast, his troubles are not yet over. Every student he has so far been introduced to has opened the conversation by enquiring: "Tell me, Mr. De, are Kipling's books on India true to life?" The mere mention of Kipling now is sufficient to put Mr. De to full flight.

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE RICHMOND WOMEN'S COLLEGE (1908).

"Is he a genuine Hindu?"—Il Penseroso and L' Allegro—Hindu music—"Does polygamy exist in India?"—"Does the colour of your turban signify caste?"

A friend of mine telephoned to the President of Richmond Women's College about my desire to visit his institution, and the following conversation went on between them on the phone.

President. You say your friend is from India. Is he a Hindu?

Friend. Yes.

Pr. Is he a genuine one?

Fr. (laughing) O, yes.

Pr. I shall be very pleased, indeed, to have him visit my College. I have not much to show him though; the building is an old one, but I can show him a bunch of pretty girls, if that would interest him.

Fr. (laughing) That is what my friend is particularly interested in. I am sure he would enjoy seeing the girls more than anything else.

Pr. Does your friend talk English?

Fr. Why, he got the Master's Degree from Cornell.

Pr. Did he? Would it suit you to bring him over at five o'clock?

Fr. I think so.

Pr. Come at five then ; we shall be very glad to have you.

We go at the appointed time. We press the electric bell. A Mulatto girl opens the door. We give her our cards. She takes us in the drawing room. The President, who is also the Pastor of a Church in Richmond,—a venerable gentleman with grey hair, now makes his appearance. He gives me a hearty handshake and takes me to the platform of the auditorium of his College, and there I stand face to face with a whole crowd of Virginia queens. The President whispers in my ear that the girls would like to hear a few words

from me, and asks me if I would mind giving them a little talk about India. When I started from the hotel, I never dreamt that I would have to stand on my feet and make a speech that evening. At first I get scared. How can I make an impromptu speech then and there! But I feel inspired by the sight of the bright faces before me. I say to the President: "Perhaps the young ladies would like to ask some questions; I should, indeed, be very pleased to answer them." Then the President introduces me to his pretty pupils: "Girls, this is the first chance you have of seeing a gentleman from India, and in the case of many of you, perhaps, this will also be your last chance. Mr. De Masham (laughter), or what's his name—it is hard to pronounce it,—this gentleman from India is a graduate of that great big university of the north,—the Cornell University. Girls, I am sure you will not lose this opportunity to ask him as many questions as may arise in your minds, and I am sure this gentleman will be glad to answer them."

At this I rise amidst the cheers of the girls. I am asked all sorts of questions about religion and philosophy, history and literature on the one hand ; and about the customs, manners and the marriage system of India on the other. The President and other members of the Faculty are interested in the religion side, but the young ladies seem to be more interested about the women of Hindusthan. The audience are as versatile as they are demonstrative. At whatever I say I am greeted with a girlish whole-hearted laugh. Never before I had taken my stand on a platform so unprepared, yet never before I had enjoyed talking as I did on that particular evening before that typical southern women's institution. The following will give an idea of the cross-examination I was subjected to :

Question. "How do you pronounce your name?"

Answer. "Indu Bhusan De Majumdar."
(Laughter.)

Q. "Where were you rais——, I mean where were you born?"

A. "Near Calcutta."

Q. "Let us hear how your language sounds. Can you recite some Hindu poetry for us?"

A. "Yes, with pleasure. I shall recite some-Sanskrit :

'Angam galitam palitam mundam
Danta-bihīnam jātam tundam
Karadhrita-kampita-shovita-dandam
Tadapi na munchatyāshā-bhādam.' "

(Laughter.)

Q. "Please do tell us about the women of India. How do they compare with the women of this country?"

A. "The Hindu women are bashful and modest, and may be—a little pensive and melancholy ; whereas the American women are bright and dazzling, jovial and cheerful. The former are *Il Penseroso* and the latter *L'Allegro*; the former are timid, calm, and quiet; the latter are sprightly, smart, and clever."

Q. "Which kind, do you think, is the better of the two?"

A. I hesitate and say : "I must not

commit myself to any general statement.”
(Laughter.)

Q. “Are your people fond of music? On what instruments do they play?”

A. “Our people are very fond of music. They play on the harmonium, violin, and other instruments. Our music, however, is quite different from the American music. It mostly consists of the soft notes and is very plaintive. *Our music* brings tears to one’s eyes; the American music, I mean the music of men, on the other hand, infuses military spirit into a man, and makes him jump on his feet and fight.” (Laughter.)

Q. “Do you play yourself?”

A. “Very seldom, and when I do I follow the Scriptures, and my left hand does not know what my right hand is doing.” (Laughter.)

Q. “Do you sing? Won’t you sing a Hindu song for us?”

A. “I am very sorry to disappoint you. I wish I could entertain you. To speak the truth, I never sang before, of course, except to myself.”

Q. "Recite a song, then."

A. "With the greatest pleasure. This is also in Sanskrit :

'Lalita-labanga-latá-parishíflana-komala-

malaya-shamíre

Madhukara-nikara-karambita-kokila-kújita-

kunja-kutíre.' "

(Laughter.)

Q. "What does it mean? Won't you translate it for us?"

A. "It is very hard for me to translate it offhand. It speaks of the springtime, the cuckoos, the bees, the zephyr and all that."

The President now asks me to tell a little more about Hindu religion and philosophy, about which, among other topics, I had been questioned before. I answer him, but I have to cut short my answer, for the girls seem to be impatient to ask some other questions.

Q. "Does polygamy exist in India? Does the system work well?"

A. "Polygamy existed in India in former times ; but it has almost died out. The people liked to have many wives, because one cannot

have too much of a good thing. (Laughter.) Moreover, in many parts of India, as the female population is larger than the male, all the girls could not get married unless a man married more than once. But the custom has gradually died out as it has been found to be impracticable. In the first place, it is an expensive affair to give the same amount of jewels and clothing to every wife (laughter), and in the second place the wives invariably get jealous of each other. Two's company, three's a crowd. They often quarrel and sometimes fight." (Laughter.)

In this way I go on talking to them for an hour. The young ladies are eager to ask more questions, neither am I in a hurry to consult my watch. One more question is asked: "What do you call the place where the wives are kept? Harems? Is that right?" I answer, "Yes." The next question I thought would be, "Do you keep a harem yourself?" But at that very moment the supper bell rings, and I take it as a signal to close. I nod to the audience and take my seat. The young ladies



INDU BHUSHAN DE MAJUMDAR

clap their hands and do not stop until I rise and nod again. The President and myself walk down the platform and the girls follow us. I find that the girls have one more question to ask. We stop at the end of the hall. What question is that? I guess what it is. I was wondering all the while why they did not ask it in the very beginning. Here it comes at last—"Your headgear is very pretty. Is that what you call a turban? Does the colour of it signify caste, rank, or anything else?" I answer: "No, it does not. The different shades and hues of our turbans are simply meant for adornment. A Hindu would choose the colour of his turban according to his own individual taste. He would also wear turbans of different hues at different times instead of always sticking to any particular colour, just as you would do with your neckties." The analogy satisfies their scientific mind, and they are fully pleased with my explanation.

CHAPTER VI.

RANDOM NOTES.

The girl of the south—A southern girl's letter—The western girl—Home-builder and country-builder—A great matrimonial market for western girls—A widow and her two daughters—Leap-year and marriage—Merry Widow hats—Extra berth for a hat—"Does your fur mew?"—Hindu's power of grasping jokes—"I do not know how to swim"—"His ticket was of the same colour as mine."

In the United States, the girl of the south figures as the heroine in many novels and dramas; and she is looked upon as a model of poetry, romance, and love combined. The influence of the scenery around her and the climate of the country have made her so. She is the product of the sunny south,—that is why she is so warm-hearted. She reminds one, who comes to know her, of the lines of Wordsworth :

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;

RANDOM NOTES

This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.' "

She is part and parcel of the nature around her. The following extracts from the letter of a southern lady friend will give an idea of the natural scenery and life in the south much better than any humble efforts of mine. She writes how "the flowers give forth their sweetest perfume at the touch of a pure atmosphere, and the sunshine and the dew-drops hang the diamond necklace about the rosebud." She says further, "In the early

morning I go for a canter, and in the afternoon we either go for a fish, or I take my own little boat and go for a nice long row all by myself. In the evening we sometimes go for a moonlight sail, and only those who have lived in southern countries (that includes you) can understand and appreciate what an enchanting scene it is, as we drift slowly along in the shadow of the overhanging branches or in the full glow of the Full Moon. The forest songsters have ceased their lay, and naught but the katydid's lament disturbs the stillness. From the far distance come the plaintive, melodious songs of the happy, careless negroes borne to us upon the soft perfumed air. As we float slowly onward, the Moon's rays dallying with the laughing, murmuring waters, we only dream of purity, peace, and happiness."

The western girl is the product of an undeveloped country. The country around her is vast, but the hands are few. Her function is not only to make the home, like that of women in general, but her function is also to build up the country. She is not only a factor in home-

making, but she is also a factor, and by no means a less important one, in country-building. Her manly desires have free play, her powers are not smothered by the conventions of society. She is as free as the air, she is not tied down by the restrictions of her sex. Although she can manage her own farm and can shift for herself in various phases of life, yet she is not left alone without a mate. Her sex forms a minority in the west, and she is always in great demand by the other sex. In the west the supply of brides is much smaller than the demand; large numbers of eastern women, therefore, go to the west to replenish the supply. During a voyage from Bombay to Marseilles, an old lady from San Francisco who was in the boat told me in the course of conversation that the west was really a great matrimonial market for eastern old maids; and pointing to a couple a few paces ahead of us, continued in a low voice, "I would not, however, make that statement aloud on board the ship, because that young lady over there is from Connecticut, and her husband is a

Californian.” When I heard this I blushed, fearing that our conversation might have reached the ears of the couple in front. I then walked by them. They looked happy, and were quite absorbed in their own affairs. My blushes at once disappeared, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

The following extract from Max O'Rell's *Jonathon and his Continent* (pp. 94—96) will give an idea of matrimonial difficulty in the west.

“The arrival of a woman in any little town of the Far West puts the male part of the population in revolution. ‘Whose wife will she become?’ is the great question of the day, and all the eligible men of the neighbourhood enroll themselves in the list of her suitors.

Here is a little story, the authenticity of which is guaranteed by the *Dublin Mail* :

Idaho territory lies very far west indeed and there is an alarming scarcity of women there. This has been curiously illustrated of late in the town of Waggon Wheel.

Recently two young ladies travelled to that

remote region to attend to their dying brother. The poor fellow did not long require their services, and immediately after his death the sisters prepared to return home. Before, however, they could get away, nearly the whole population of the town—headed by the Mayor and other high officials—were making matrimonial overtures to them. Feeling ran very high during five or six anxious days ; and the Mayor's chances, despite his mature years, ruled the betting at six to one. At the end of the week both young ladies had capitulated, and were duly engaged. The Mayor was, however, cut out by a handsome young miner. The wedding-day was fixed, and the mother of the young ladies was summoned upon the scene. Here troubles began. She duly arrived, and was hotly indignant with her daughters for the scant respect which they had manifested towards their brother's memory by such indecent haste to wed. The girls explained that they had literally been besieged, and had yielded to the overwhelming force of circumstances. As usual, explanations increased the offence ; and

the mother vowed that neither of them should be married out there at all—that, in fact, the engagements were *off*, and that they must be off too. The cup of felicity was thus rudely dashed from the lips of the two accepted men, and they made haste to tell their sorrows to the town. An indignation meeting was held, and the Mayor appointed a committee to wait upon the irate matron in order to ask her to reconsider her resolution. The Mayor, with rare magnanimity, considering the cruel blow his own hopes had just received, placed himself at the head of the deputation, and, in the name of patriotism, humbly implored the good lady to grant the petition, which he ardently urged. She, however, stood firmly on her parental rights, and declared she would not leave the town without her daughters. Then the genius of the Mayor shot forth like the Sun. He blandly proposed a compromise. Why need she leave at all? He drew her attention, of course, in most delicate terms, to the fact that she was fair, plump, and fifty odd, and that similar language might be taken as descriptive of himself.

There and then he offered her his hand and heart, and the young ladies a kind father and protector.

That settled the matter, and three marriages took place with a great flourish of trumpets at Waggon Wheel."

But the condition of things is different in the eastern states; there it is sometimes the men who are sought after. In an evening party, in 1908, I noticed five young ladies between sweet eighteen and sweet twenty surrounding a blushing stripling of twenty summers. I was seated so near them, that I could not help catching their conversation, and from it I gathered that one of the five girls there was a sister to the young man, and that the other four girls were her college chums. What was the conversation they were having? Of what else could the girls talk in 1908 besides marriage and leap-year, and leap-year and marriage? It seemed to me that if the youngman had proposed in right earnest, he could have won any one of his sister's friends there,—any one of the whole bunch of four—the sweet quartette.

If my lady readers will pardon me the quotation of a simile from the Hindu mythology, that youngman surrounded by those American beauties appeared in my eyes like the Moon God surrounded by so many stars.

Later on in this evening party, the hostess asked me : "A Chinese student said that the women of China are all that could be desired, and that the women of America are quite as good (laughter from the others). Well, do you think like him? Do you ever feel homesick? How do you like the women of this country?"

I answered : "I like the American ladies very much indeed. I do not feel homesick at all, the ladies here are so very entertaining." (Laughter.)

Question. "Do tell us a little about matrimony in your country (laughter). Do you have any old maids in India?" (Laughter.)

Answer. "Very few ; more than 99 per cent. of the girls get married."

I hear whispers from the other ladies—"More than 99 per cent ! Isn't that fine !"

Q. "How is the marriage brought about ?

Who proposes,—the man or the woman?"
(Laughter.)

A. "Neither the man nor the woman, it is the parents. In our country the girls don't have to wait for a leap-year to propose to the boys themselves." (Prolonged laughter.)

There is a kind of hat used by the American ladies which assumes proportions broader even than the size of an open umbrella. These are what they call "Merry Widow" hats, but they are used not only by merry widows, but by maids and wives as well. Once in a mixed gathering, in connection with Hindu ladies' dresses I said, "I have often been asked in this country if the women of India use any Merry Widow hats. Not to speak of Merry Widow hats, the Hindu women do not wear any hats or bonnets at all. The American ladies will, of course, understand what a great saving of expenses it means to the husbands of our country." (Cheers and laughter from both sexes.) I also told them of the following dialogue which I came across in an American paper :

“What are you doing, Charlie? Are you making a shed for your motor car?”

“No, Jimmy, I am making a hat-box for my wife.”

At the end of my talk, a lady came and told me that she almost felt tempted to interrupt me while I was speaking of Merry Widow hats. She had lately heard of two girls who were coming north from Washington, D.C., in a night train. Both of them had Merry Widow hats on. Poor girls, they had to engage three berths, two for themselves, and a third one for their hats!

Another American lady told me that on one occasion a train had to be stopped for a few minutes, as one of the lady passengers who had a huge Merry Widow hat on, could not get into the train because her hat had stuck at the door. It was only after the pinned hat was taken off from her head that the difficulty was solved.

There are lots of humorous stories from real life about these brobdignagian hats. They are never without their funny side. This is what I heard from a third American

lady. A girl in a street car had a Merry Widow hat on, and her hat occupied such a space that nobody else could take a seat within several inches of her. The car, however, was awfully crowded, as American cars usually are, and there was not even standing room left. The conductor, to the great amusement of the whole crowd, came and asked the girl for a double fare. The girl paid the money, but said she would report against the conductor. The husband of the narrator of this story who occupied the chair of Mathematics in an American University on hearing the story remarked, "Suppose the girl was twice as corpulent as anybody else in the car, would the conductor be legally justified in taking double fare from her?" The lady said in reply, "But the conductor is not a mathematician like you, John; he does not calculate so many things."

The professor himself told a story about the American conductor's sense of humour. A lady after shopping was going in a street car with her purchases, *viz.*, a basket and some

fur. For the sake of convenience, she had put the fur inside the basket. But this made the conductor suspect that her basket contained a cat. As cats and dogs are not allowed in street cars, he asked the lady what it was. The lady answered, "Why, only fur." The conductor retorted, "Is that so, ma-am, but does your fur mew?"

A young American lady asked me if the Hindus have much sense of humour, and if they understand jokes readily. "The best answer," I said, "would be obtained by actually trying a joke, and seeing the result." Whereupon the young lady asked all present to find the joke in the statement, "Mr. Johnson asked Miss Johnston if she would take tea with him." She repeated the words several times till every one could catch her statement. My American friends thought that they had found the joke, and all of them in no time burst into laughter. Without participating in the general merriment, I very politely asked the lady if every thing was right in her statement. At this my friends burst into another volley of

laughter ; and one of them taking pity on me came to my rescue and said, "I should think. it would be hard for a foreigner like you to catch our jokes quickly. The joke in question is nothing but a marriage proposal. Now try again." I replied, "Well, I also thought so, but would not the right version be 'Mr. Johnston asked Miss Johnson if she would take tea with him?'" They now saw my point. They had their laughter on me a short while ago, I had the laughter on them now. He laughs the best who laughs last.

The American has a keen sense of humour. He is the hero of many jokes in England. There he figures in many funny stories, just as the Irishman Mike or Pat does in America. This is one of the stories about the American, heard in England : An American was once going from London to Liverpool to catch the steamer for New York. In the course of the journey through the intermediate counties, he was, every now and then, putting his head out of the window of the train and looking in all directions, towards the houses, farms, and

fields with horror and dismay depicted on his face. An Englishman who was in the same train asked him in a sympathetic tone what his troubles were. The American replied, "Well, your country is surrounded on all sides by water, and it is so very small, that I am afraid the train will at any moment run into the sea, and the trouble is I do not know how to swim."

This is another story : An American was once travelling in England in a first class compartment. In Great Britain, as in the continent of Europe, they have three classes in the train, the first class with the highest fare, and the third class with the lowest, the tickets issued in these three classes being of three different colours. Besides some Englishmen, there was a Scotchman in the same compartment with the American. It was not a smoking compartment, but the American was smoking all the same, to the great annoyance of the rest of the passengers. The Scotchman very politely asked him to stop smoking ; the American complied with his request, but not without bearing a grudge against him. As

soon as the American could find the guard (corresponding to the conductor in America) he asked him to the amusement of the whole party :

“Well, conductor, is England a free country?”

“Of course, sir.”

“Then can I say what I think? Do you allow freedom of speech in this country?”

“Certainly, sir.”

“Well, then, I guess—that fellow over there (referring to the Scotchman) has got a third class ticket. If you do not think I am right, you can find it out yourself.”

The guard examined the ticket of the Scotchman, and the American's statement proved to be true. The Scotchman to his great discomfiture and to the delight of the American, was made to get out of the first class compartment. When the guard was gone, one Englishman in a tone of surprise asked the American how in the world he had found out that the Scotchman had a third-class ticket. The American had by this time relighted his

cigar, and blowing a cloud of smoke he replied, "Well, it was very easy. A part of his ticket was visible out of his waitcoat pocket. I at once recognised it to be a third-class ticket because it was of the colour as mine."

CHAPTER VII.

THE AMERICAN GLOBE-TROTTERS IN INDIA.

Does a whole country in a week—Crackers—Three American youths—You can bring a horse to the pool but you cannot make him drink.

There are only a few American residents in India; most of them work as missionaries and officers of Young Men's Christian Associations, as merchants and dentists, and as consuls and vice-consuls. Besides these one often comes across American tourists in India, who are commonly known as globe-trotters.

The globe-trotter comes to India and does in a week the whole country containing more than three times the total population of the United States. Consequently, he has very little opportunity of seeing the virtues, which are in the depths in the orient; and can mostly see the vices, which are on the surface. His idea of the whole people of the country is derived from shopkeepers and railway officials,

from porters and hackney-carriage-drivers; and his idea of home life from hotels and hotel employees. He sees the country in the shell, but not in the kernel; and he goes back to his country and writes a book on the experience of what he saw in seven days, and cries down the whole population of three hundred millions.

He hears, reads, and sees a lot without digesting the facts. If while crossing the Ganges in a steamer, he sees through his binocle a country-boat from which a human body is flung into the water, he at once comes to the conclusion that a Hindu mother is sacrificing her live baby to the crocodiles of the river. He does not stop to think whether the body thrown overboard is living or dead. If again he reads in a paper that a man-eater has taken away and devoured a child from a village, he at once jumps up with the cry, "To think of it! The Hindus are still a race of cannibals!" It never comes to his mind that the man-eater in question is not a human being; that it is nothing but a wild beast of the forest,—a Royal Bengal tiger.

Travelling broadens the mind only when a man knows how to travel. In his essay on *The Moral of Landscape*, Ruskin says that "all travelling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity." It is not the distance travelled, but the manner of travelling that counts. In the case of the globe-trotter, travelling produces just the reverse effect. In his hurry and hustle, he misses many good things of the country ; or if he sees them at all, he sees them through a wrong perspective, and has them perverted in his mind. So he goes back to his country with a lower estimation of other nations than when he started. What he formerly guessed, now he thoroughly believes. What was formerly his idea, now is his conviction, *viz.*, that the American nation is undoubtedly the best in the world in all matters, physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual. He does not, however, remain satisfied with keeping the knowledge to himself, but at once spreads the news far and wide through his lips and his pen ; and the people throughout the length and breadth of the land begin to

love their country with greater love, eat their hash and pumpkin pie with greater zest, and drink their cocktails in larger tumblers than before.

Once on board a ferry-steamer in India, at the dining table, I heard somebody by my side ask the Indian waiter for some *crackers*. The waiter, although he knew English, did not understand what the order was until another person explained that the gentleman wanted some biscuits, which is the English equivalent of *crackers*. The American word *crackers* arrested my attention; I at once inferred that there must be some American at the table. I looked, and unmistakably there on my right, sat three young men from the other side of the globe.

They were evidently touring in India, all trotting in single harness, none of them in double. They were all below twenty-five. I had not met Americans for a long while. My joy was immense to see them there. I at once made their acquaintance. They were all college graduates; one of them was from Yale,

another from Columbia, and the third from Williams. Their joy too was great when they heard, I had been in their country, and what was more, I was a Cornell man. I asked them the question, "How do you like our country?" right in the American fashion, and they also answered right in the American spirit. I had been so often asked that question by hundreds, nay, by thousands in America, that I thought I would not miss this chance of retaliating upon these three American youths. I made mention of several places of interest which were worth visiting in India, but they said their programme was all fixed up, that they were pressed for time, and they had to *hurry on*. I asked them if they had seen any Hindu theatres; if they had come in contact with any representative Hindus, or visited any cultured Hindu families; if they had seen the Consul-General of the United States in Calcutta, or their countrymen in the Young Men's Christian Association who could pilot them round; but to none of these questions did I get an answer in the affirmative. They had come

half the world over, but they were as much American in their nature as they were before they sailed,—ever restless, but cordial and open-hearted. Two of them were West End Avenue men of New York. I told them that I contemplated going back to America in the course of a few months, so they invited me by saying, “The next time you visit New York, you must come and live with us, if you do not find good food in the hotels.” We spent a very pleasant half-hour together. Then my destination took me to a different train from theirs. I parted from them with a heavy heart; my sorrow was all the greater when I thought that they would go back without seeing much of my country. They would see India as a man sees the Moon. But it could not be helped. You can bring a horse to the pool, but you cannot make him drink.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN AT-HOMES.

Intellectual flavour—Horticulturnists' riddles—Hidden cities—The hump of the largest, white, sacred bull of India—Kate's puzzles—Age problems.

When an American gentleman and his wife invite a small party of friends to come and spend an evening with them at their home, they spare no pains to make the evening a very pleasant one, and they entertain the guests as best as they can. There are plenty of refreshments to go round in the shape of ice-cream, cakes, candies, tea, coffee, punch, cider, etc.; and plenty of music, both vocal and instrumental, as every American lady is supposed to be well-versed in the arts of singing and playing, these accomplishments being considered necessary adjuncts to her education. In addition to these items sweet to the palate and sweet to the ear, there is also some food for the brain, which one often misses

in similar entertainments in the orient. On account of this intellectual flavour, the American at-homes are to the guests both instruction and amusement combined. When you come back to your rooms, you come back not only with the sense that you had a genuine *good time*, a good time in the literal sense of the term, but also a little wiser than before. In universities and other intellectual centres, the host and hostess generally have some riddles ready for the guests, or they have some intellectual games in which all may take part.

A horticulturist and his wife at Cornell once invited me to spend the Christmas evening with them. Among the guests, there were besides some Americans, a few foreigners like myself. The host called upon each one to describe how Christmas was celebrated in his own country or state. After this interesting programme was over, he gave each one a type-written paper with some riddles about trees, and asked every one to put down the answer of each riddle in the margin. As all the guests were horticulturists, they were supposed to be

familiar with the trees of the country, and it was not very difficult for them to find out the pun in the questions. The following is the list :—

1. The insect tree.
2. The trees which together would make a garment.
3. The warmest tree.
4. The oldest tree.
5. The stalest tree.
6. The tree of the seashore.
7. The calendar tree.
8. The masculine colony tree.
9. The most dapper tree.
10. The sickly tree.
11. The betrayer tree.
12. The most unostentatious tree.
13. The strongest tree.
14. The shoe tree.
15. The fish tree.
16. The animal tree.
17. The agriculturist tree.
18. The lame tree.
19. The tree which is the schoolboy's dread.
20. The beverage tree.
21. The vegetable tree.
22. The tree all sweethearts raise.
23. The jewellery tree.
24. The victor tree.

25. The tree which is the schoolgirl's delight.
26. The tree of polish.
27. The double tree.
28. The vertical tree.
29. The wrapper tree.
30. The tree that cannot be burnt.
31. The author tree.
32. The trees which taken together give us four foods.
33. The tree that can be spelled in three ways
34. The tree of the shipper's need.

The answer to the first riddle is the 'locust', because it is the name of a tree as well as that of an insect. The answer to the second one is 'cottonwood' and 'buttonwood,' as cotton and button are together sufficient to make a garment. The following are the answers :—

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Locust. | 11. Judas. |
| 2. Cottonwood and
buttonwood. | 12. Plain. |
| 3. Burningbush. | 13. Ironwood. |
| 4. Elder. | 14. Leatherbush,
slippery elm. |
| 5. Chestnut. | 15. Shadbush, basswood. |
| 6. Beech (beach). | 16. Dogwood. |
| 7. Date. | 17. Cedar (seeder). |
| 8. Mangrove. | 18. Hobblebush. |
| 9. Spruce. | 19. Birch. |
| 10. Pine. | 20. Coffee. |

AMERICAN AT-HOMES

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 21. Cucumber. | 28. Plum (plumb). |
| 22. Tulips (two lips). | 29. Fir (fur). |
| 23. Goldenchain. | 30. Ash. |
| 24. Laurel. | 31. Hawthorne. |
| 25. Sweetgum. | 32. Breadnut, Butternut. |
| 26. Varnish. | 33. Yew (ewe, you). |
| 27. Pear (pair). | 34. Box. |

The gentleman who solved the greatest number of riddles got a box of chocolates as a prize, the contents of which, however, were not consumed all by himself, but were distributed also among the less lucky guests. After doing justice to the clams, oysters and other refreshments, and after getting a miniature monkey by way of a Christmas present, I returned to my rooms at 1 o'clock in the morning with my stock of knowledge about American trees considerably enlarged.

On another occasion, the riddle was to find out the hidden cities from the names given. To get them you have only to put the letters in a different order; thus, if a name in the list is Myboba, the answer to it would be Bombay. The letters are the same in both, only in the riddle they have been put topsy-turvy

(B-o-m-b-a-y put in the form of M-y-b-o-b-a). As most of the guests present hailed from India, the host very kindly put in the list more cities from India and the neighbourhood than from other countries. There was, therefore, no ground for excuse left on the part of the guests due to a lack of geographical knowledge.

The paper that each one received is given below with the answers :—

<i>Riddles</i>			<i>Answers.</i>		
1.	Myboba	...	1.	Bombay.	
2.	Wynkore	...	2.	New York.	
3.	Tutaclac	...	3.	Calcutta.	
4.	Hidappeahill	...	4.	Philadelphia.	
5.	Nondol	...	5.	London.	
6.	Darams	...	6.	Madras.	
7.	Tilucca	...	7.	Calicut.	
8.	Bloomoc	...	8.	Colombo.	
9.	Spira	...	9.	Paris.	
10.	Catahi	...	10.	Ithaca.	
11.	Rotton	...	11.	Toronto.	
12.	Gripanose	...	12.	Singapore.	
13.	Trolamen	...	13.	Montreal.	
14.	Bilner	...	14.	Berlin.	
15.	Holgra	...	15.	Lahore.	
16.	Gonicca	...	16.	Chicago.	

In another at-home at Cornell, the host divided his guests into two parties. Each party selected a representative of its own, then these two representatives privately met and fixed upon something which was to be the riddle for solution. After this the representative of each party went to the members of the other party and asked them to find out by questioning what the riddle was. The answers were to be given by the representative in the form of 'yes' or 'no.' The cross-examination which actually took place on the occasion is given below in a simplified form, as it will serve to illustrate the nature of the game much better than any other explanation whatever :

Is the object invisible?	No.
Is it visible?	Yes.
Is it inanimate?	No.
Is it animate?	Yes.
Does it belong to the vegetable kingdom?	No.
Does it belong to the animal kingdom?	Yes.
Does it live in water?	No.
Does it live on land?	Yes.
Is it human?	No.
Is it biped?	No.

AMERICA THROUGH HINDU EYES

Is it quadruped?	Yes.
Is it without horns?	No.
Is it horned?	Yes.
Is it a small animal?	No.
Is it a large one?	Yes.
Is it a buffalo?	No.
Is it a bull?	Yes.
Anything more for the answer to your question?	Yes.
It is a particular kind of bull, is that what you mean?	Yes.
A bull belonging to a particular country?	Yes.
Does it belong to the New World?	No.
Does it belong to the Old World?	Yes.
Does it belong to Europe?	No.
Does it belong to Asia?	Yes.
Does it belong to India?	Yes.
Anything more than that?	Yes.
Is it a sacred bull?	Yes.
The sacred bull of India, is that all?	No.
Of some particular colour?	Yes.
Is it black?	No.
Is it brown?	No.
Is it white?	Yes.
Finished?	No.
Anything about its size?	Yes.
Is it the smallest?	No.
Is it the largest?	Yes.

The largest white sacred bull of India, is it			
the full answer?	No.
Then is it some part of the bull which you			
want?	Yes.
Is it an internal part of the bull?			No.
Is it an external part?	Yes.
Is it in the hind part of the body?	No.
Is it in the fore part?	Yes.
Is it also in the lower part of the body?	No.
Is it in the upper part?	Yes.
Is it the head or a part of the head?	Neither.
Is it the shoulder?	No.
Is it the hump?	Yes.
The hump of the largest, white, sacred bull			
of India. Does this answer the riddle			
fully?	.	..	Yes.

From the nature of the riddle thought out by the representatives it would appear to the reader that at least one of them was from India; that representative was no other than the humble writer himself. The riddle was thought out with great deliberation by him and his colleague, who was an American gentleman. It was hoped by them that the riddle would remain unsolved, but nothing is unknown to the American intellect. It is even familiar

with the fact that some bulls are held sacred in India, and that the Indian bulls possess humps while the American bulls do not. Both the parties penetrated through the riddle quite easily, and now we had another programme.

This time each one was given a piece of paper with a riddle on it. The answer was to be given by a word ending with the syllable 'cate,' and conveying the meaning suggested by the riddle. The list of the riddles and that of their answers are given below :

Riddles.

1. Kate takes matters and entangles them, so it is hard for people to understand them.
2. Kate takes a thing and makes a copy of it.
3. Kate grinds her food with her teeth and prepares for swallowing and digestion.
4. Kate laid down her right, and withdrew from it in a formal manner.
5. Kate defends herself against her opponents.
6. Kate calls down in anger some evil upon her enemies.
7. Kate forms into a whole by joining the parts.
8. Kate was suspended from studies at her University, and sent away for a time by way of punishment.

9. Kate suggests something to others by an outline or a word.

10. Kate puts something to a sacred use by a religious ceremony.

11. Kate imparts knowledge of some news to her friends when she meets them.

12. Kate had her property taken away from her by legal authority.

13. Kate was expelled from and deprived of the privileges of membership of the association to which she belonged.

14. Kate pulled something by the roots, and exterminated it completely.

15. Kate lays one thing over another.

16. Kate always tries to disengage her friends from a perilous or embarrassing situation.

Answers.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Complicate. | 9. Indicate. |
| 2. Duplicate. | 10. Dedicate. |
| 3. Masticate. | 11. Communicate. |
| 4. Abdicate. | 12. Confiscate. |
| 5. Vindicate. | 13. Excommunicate. |
| 6. Imprecate. | 14. Eradicate. |
| 7. Fabricate. | 15. Imbricate. |
| 8. Rusticate. | 16. Extricate. |

This chapter is getting rather long, but as I trust these intellectual pastimes will be of

interest to my countrymen, I shall give one more item and close. The answer to each riddle is a word ending with the syllable 'age,' and conveying the meaning suggested by the riddle.

<i>Riddles.</i>	<i>Answers.</i>
1. The eating age ...	1. Cabbage, forage.
2. The traveller's age ...	2. Baggage, mileage.
3. The money age ...	3. Coinage.
4. The preacher's age ...	4. Parsonage.
5. The truckman's age ...	5. Baggage.
6. The proverb age ...	6. Adage.
7. The riot age ...	7. Rampage.
8. The destructive age ...	8. Breakage.
9. The profane age ...	9. Damage.
10. The desirable age ...	10. Marriage.
11. The mean age ...	11. Average.
12. The agricultural age ...	12. Tillage.
13. The cloth age ...	13. Selvage.
14. The letter age ...	14. Postage.
15. The bird's age ...	15. Plumage.
16. The fighting age ...	16. Carnage.

CHAPTER IX.

THINGS POPULAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

What is the most popular Dish of the United States? ... The American hash.

The most popular

Sauce ... The apple sauce.

Dessert ... The pumpkin pie.

Drink ... (Alcoholic) Cocktails and high-balls :

(Non-alcoholic) The iced tea.

Refreshment ... Peanuts and popcorn for men :

Candies for women :

The ice-cream for all.

Game ... Baseball for men :

Basket-ball for women.

Pastime ... Swinging in hammocks in the summer :

Tobogganing in the winter :

Extolling America to the skies
all the year round.

Furniture ... The rocking chair.

Monument ... The sky-scraper.

Hero ... The multimillionaire.

Angel ... Mammon.

Talisman ... The almighty dollar.

AMERICA THROUGH HINDU EYES

- Language ... Slang.
- Perfume ... Tobacco.
- Tact ... To buy cheap and to sell high.
- Occupation ... Of men—Shopkeeping, fleecing
and skinning the customers :
Of women—Bargain-hunting
and dressing.
- Characteristic ... Of men—Craze for money-
making :
Of women—Spending as much
money as they can, and having
a good time.
- Rite ... Elopement and secret marriage.
- And last, but not least, the most popular.
- Pride ... That the Americans form the
blue blood of the world by
being the fathers-in-law of the
European aristocracy.

CHAPTER X.

THE ALMA MATER.

The Alma Mater Song—The Campus—The four classes—The Bistonian Chorus—The Colleges—Numbers of students and teachers—Courses of studies—Advanced degrees—The University Library—The Chimes—University magazines—The Cornellian—The write-ups—University life—Cornell athletics—University spirit—The Alumni Song.

“Far above Cayuga’s waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.

Chorus :

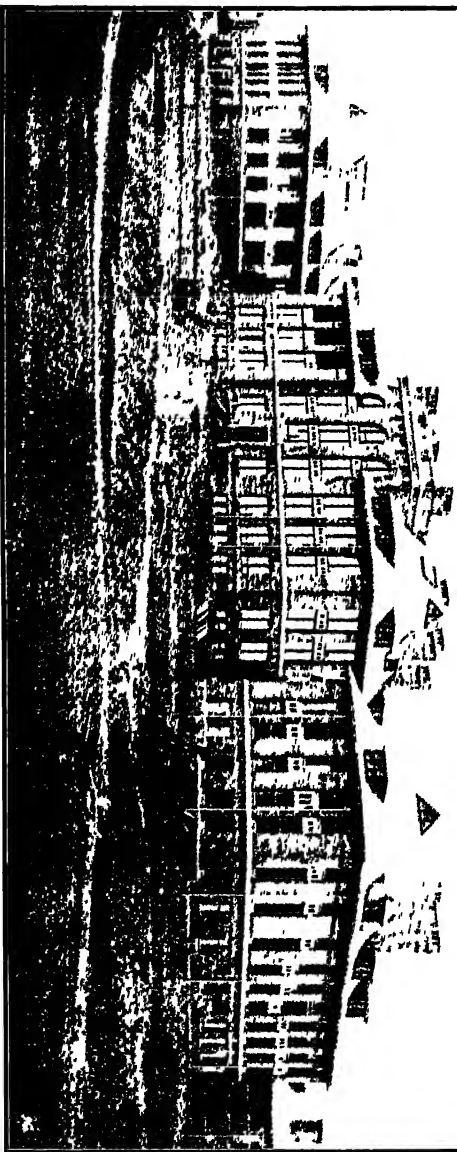
“Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell ;
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, Cornell !

“Far above the busy humming
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of heaven,
Looks she proudly down.”

The above, which is one of the finest of

university songs, greets the ears of a stranger as soon as he enters the Cornell University. Standing in dignified grandeur on the summit of a hill, far above the waters of the Cayuga Lake, the Campus of Cornell presents one of the most beautiful sights among the universities of the States. There are several first class universities in America, *e.g.*, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Princeton, Columbia, Chicago, Leland Stanford, John Hopkins, etc. Among these Cornell is noted for the high standard of technical education she imparts in her Agricultural, Medical, Engineering, Veterinary, and Architectural Departments. The New York State College of Agriculture, and the New York State Veterinary College form parts of the Cornell University, and the equipments of these institutions are of a very high order, as New York is the richest State in the Union.

Both boys and girls are admitted into the University. In my time about ten per cent. of the students were girls. The regular course in the different Colleges of Cornell is of four years, and leads to the Bachelor's Degree.



THE NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK

Students of the first, the second, the third, and the fourth year, are respectively called the Freshmen, the Sophomores, the Juniors, and the Seniors. The gradual developments in the life of a student from the time of his entrance into the University as a Freshman to the time when he blooms forth as a full-fledged Senior are illustrated in the "Song of the Classes" which is given below :

SONG OF THE CLASSES.

Here is the freshman who sits over there,
He was nursed by his mother before he came here ;
He misses his bottle, and sad for to tell,
He soon will be busted right out of Cornell.

Chorus :

Then it's one, two, and three, four, we all fall in line,
To the tune of our prof's we must always keep time ;
For it's work like a Turk till your eyes ache like hell
In this grand institution, this school of Cornell.

There sits the soph'more with debonair look,
His vile freshman ways he now has forsook,
He sports 'round the town with the boys of his age,
And makes frequent calls on the co-eds at Sage.*

*Sage College building where many of the girl-students or co-eds of the University live.

There is the junior, he's smoking his pipe,
His mood mellows out over lager and tripe ;
He knows about Zinck's* and the others full well,
He's not been a-wasting his time at Cornell.

O, we are the seniors a-taking our ease,
We cut recitations† whenever we please,
We go to the theatre and cut quite a swell,
For soon we'll be leaving this school of Cornell.

When a student fails in most of his examinations, he is compelled to leave the University. He is then said to *get busted*. The expression is a university slang. Below is given the Bustonian Chorus, a popular Cornell song, representing the feelings of a student who got busted. Mr. David Fletcher referred to in the song is the Registrar of the University, holding his office in Room No. 3 of Morrill Hall. The "bells a-chiming" refer to the bells in the tower of the Library Building, which have been mentioned later on.

*Zinck's Cafe—"the place of rejuvenation and all good time."

†Recitation is an Americanism for class lecture

THE ALMA MATER

BUSTONIAN CHORUS.

Oh I cannot linger longer in the Universitee,
I've a note from David Fletcher an' 'e says the've
busted me ;
An' my bloomin' 'eart is aching 'cause I cannot stay
no more
In these stately 'alls of learnin', far above
Cayuga's shore.

Cornell Universitee, where I dearly love to be—
Don't you hear them bells a-chimin', callin'
softly now to me ?

Cornell Universitee an' its bloomin' facultee,
Where old Davy raises thunder up in Morrill, No. 3.

Ship me back to old New England where my dotin'
daddy dwells,

Far away from blue Cayuga an' them tinklin',
chimin' bells ;

For I've got that bloomin' notice an' I cannot stay
no more,

An' my soul is still a-yearnin' for those good old
days of yore.

Far away from dear Cornell, never more to 'ear the
yell—

Oh, a sad an' dreary story is this tale I have to tell !
Cornell Universitee an' its bloomin' facultee,
This I 'ave to say in partin'—damn the man that
busted me !

AMERICA THROUGH HINDU EYES

The different Colleges of the Cornell University and the number of students in each during the year 1905-6, when I was there, are given below :

Graduate Department	209
College of Arts and Sciences	693
College of Law	221
The Medical College	369
New York State College of Agriculture	...		223
New York State Veterinary College	..		87
College of Architecture	80
College of Civil Engineering	418
Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering			1,086
<hr/>			
Total number of regular students	...		3,386
Summer sessions, 1905	619
Short Winter Course in Agriculture, 1905			169
<hr/>			
Grand total	4,174
<hr/>			

The total number of teachers including Professors, Assistant Professors, Lecturers, Instructors, Assistants, Non-Resident Lecturers, etc., was 499. Besides these there were 27 preachers, 19 men in the library staff and 28 other officers. In 1910-11 the total number of students was 5,624 of whom 4,412 were

regular students, and the total number of teachers was 652. When we come to realise that there was a teacher for every seven regular students, and that each teacher was a specialist in the subject which was taught by him, we can at once infer that the teaching was highly efficient and that the University afforded great facilities for specialisation in different branches.

The courses include a variety of subjects, and cover a wide range. For instance, the subjects taught in the College of Agriculture may be grouped into the following principal heads : (1) Agricultural Chemistry including Dairy Chemistry and laboratory practice in agricultural analysis, (2) Entomology and General Invertebrate Zoology, (3) Plant Physiology, (4) Plant Pathology, (5) Soils, (6) Farm Crops and Farm Management including Tropical Agriculture, (7) Farm Practice, (8) Experimental Plant Biology (Research on problems in plant-breeding, heredity and general evolutionary topics), (9) Experimental Agronomy, (10) Plant Industry Work, (11) Horticulture, (12) Animal Husbandry, (13) Poultry Hus-

bandry, (14) Dairy Industry, (15) Rural Engineering and Architecture, (16) Rural Economy and Sociology, (17) Rural Art, (18) Home Economics, (19) Nature Study, etc.

Several subjects are taught by specialists under each of the above groups, and a student is at perfect liberty to select his subjects and his professors, and specialize in whatever branches of Agriculture he may like. For instance, twenty different classes are held in Entomology and Invertebrate Zoology, fourteen in Horticulture, and so on; and it is not necessary for a student to attend all the classes in Entomology and Horticulture, unless he wishes to specialize in those branches of Agriculture. The subjects for which classes are held in connection with the latter branch, for instance, are :—

1, 2. *Elementary Pomology.* A study of the methods of propagation and early care of bush and fruit trees; the principles and practice of budding and grafting, with special attention to the particular method of propagation for each kind of fruit. Two courses.

3. *Practical Pomology.* The study and practice of the planting, fertilizing, and care of orchards; picking, grading, packing, and marketing of fruits.

4. *Spraying of Fruit Trees.* A study of the preparation and application of the different spray mixtures used in orchard and garden practice.

5. *Greenhouse Construction and Management.* A study of the principles of greenhouse construction, and the drawing and erection of sections illustrating the leading types of greenhouses.

6. *Olericulture.* A study of the principles of vegetable gardening with special reference to trucking, accompanied by field practice in the actual growing of the plants.

7. *Garden and Greenhouse Practice.* Practical work in the forcing houses and gardens, with familiar talks.

8. *Sub-tropical Pomology.* Advanced course in classification and systematic study of fruits.

9. *Literature of Horticulture and Land-*

scape Gardening. An examination of the writings of European and American authors, with special reference to the evolution of horticultural methods.

10. *Plant-Breeding*, with special reference to the improvement of orchard fruits.

11. *German Horticultural Reading.* A study of periodical literature relating to horticulture. Each student is required to subscribe for one periodical and make translations from assigned paragraphs.

12. *French Horticultural Reading.* Conducted in the same way as the German course.

13. *Investigation.* For graduate and advanced students.

14. *Seminary Work.* For advanced students.

Similarly there are various courses in connection with the other branches of Agriculture. Candidates for Master's Degree in Agriculture must present themselves for examination in one major and one minor subject, and those for the Doctor's Degree in one major and two minor subjects. Theses also must be

written by them on the subjects taken up. Similar rules hold good in the other Colleges of Cornell. Successful candidates for the Degree of Master must deposit one bound type-written copy of the major thesis in the University Library; and successful candidates for the Degree of Doctor must print their major theses and deposit fifty copies in the University Library.

The total number of books in the University Library consisted of about 400,000 volumes and 60,000 pamphlets in 1910-11. Several thousand volumes are added to the Library every year.* The abundantly lighted and handsomely furnished reading room of the Library Building contains ample accommodation for two hundred and twenty readers. The Library is open on week days during term time, from 8 a.m. to 10-45 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it is closed at 5 p.m. The open book cases around the walls of the reading room contain 8,000 volumes of carefully selected

*The biggest library in India, *viz.*, the Imperial Library of Calcutta in the year 1918 contains only about 210,000 volumes.

reference books. All students of the University have free access to these volumes, but they have to apply at the delivery desk for other works they may desire. In the same reading room, and accessible to all readers is the card catalogue of the Library. The catalogue is of two parts, one of authors and the other of subjects, arranged alphabetically on the dictionary plan. The details about each book, *e.g.*, the name of the book, the author, etc., are written on a separate piece of card, and these cards are neatly arranged in wooden cases. The superiority of the card catalogue to the ordinary system of keeping the printed list of books in volume form consists in the fact that the card catalogue can be kept up-to-date by inserting new cards in their proper places about the latest books added from time to time.

The following is one of the popular songs of Cornell. It is about the chime of the bells placed in the tower of the Library Building :

THE CHIMES.

To the busy morning light,
To the slumbers of the night,

THE ALMA MATER

To the labour and the lessons of the hour,
With a ringing, rhythmic tone,
O'er the lake and valley blown,
Call the voices, watching, waking in the tower.

Chorus :

Cling, clang, cling, the bells are ringing,
Hope and help their chimming tells ;
Through the Cascadilla dell,
'Neath the arches of Cornell,
Float the melody and music of the bells.

Not afraid to dare and do,
Let us rouse ourselves anew,
With the "knowledge that is victory and power ;"
And arrayed in every fight,
On the battle side of right,
Gather glory for our angel in the tower.

As thousands of students proceed along the Central Avenue towards the University Campus to attend their respective classes, the bells ring musically and melodiously, as if calling them to their daily duties.

Of all the University buildings, the Library is perhaps the one that holds the uppermost place in the hearts of the majority of Cornellians. Personally I used to spend the greater part of the day in that building and leave it for

my boarding house only when the Library was closed late at night. The sight of boys and girls all devoted to their studies, and sitting side by side for the pursuit of knowledge was a sort of inspiration to me, and I always found that I could do much more work in the reading room of the Library than in my own room in the boarding house.

The great literary activity among the students in American universities is manifest from the number of papers and magazines published by them. The University town of Ithaca which has a small population like that of Oxford or Cambridge has two daily papers for the general public; in addition to these, ten publications, *viz.*, one daily, one weekly, five monthlies, and three annuals are issued by the students of the Cornell University of Ithaca. These are enumerated below :

(1) *The Cornellian*, an illustrated annual published by the Junior Class at the close of each university year; contains extensive statistics, covering the university activities, with special reference to the Junior Class.

(2) *The Class Book*, an illustrated annual published by the Graduating Class; contains photographs of the University Faculty; a write-up and photograph of each senior.

(3) *The Cosmopolitan Annual* is the official organ of the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club, published at the close of each academic year; represents the foreign elements of the University.

(4) *The Cornell Daily Sun*. Daily illustrated paper.

(5) *The Cornell Alumni News*. Published weekly during the college year and monthly during July and August.

(6) *The Cornell Era*. A monthly, illustrated, literary magazine.

(7) *The Widow*. Monthly illustrated magazine representing the humour of the University.

(8) *The Cornell Countryman* is a monthly published by the students of the College of Agriculture. It aims to keep its readers in touch with the scientific development of Agriculture.

(9) *The Sibley Journal of Engineering* is an illustrated monthly, representing the interests of the Mechanical, Electrical, Marine and Railway Engineering Departments of Sibley College.

(10) *The Civil Engineering Magazine* is a monthly, published by the students of the College of Civil Engineering.

If we take into consideration the few publications irregularly issued after long intervals by some of the Colleges affiliated to the Calcutta University, the great difference in activities between the students of Indian and American universities will be at once realised. Many of the publications mentioned above require more than passing notice. A brief review of the *Cosmopolitan Annual* has been given in the next chapter. Space does not permit even a cursory discussion about the other publications; only a few words will be spoken about the *Class Book*, which is the most expensive of them all. Its price is six dollars (more than Rs. 18), and it contains the photographs of the University Faculty, of

all the graduating seniors numbering several hundreds (in 1906, the number was 572), and various other illustrations about the University and the seniors. By the side of the photograph of each senior is a short account about him generally written by some of his intimate friends. These write-ups are characterised by so much humour and lightsomeness that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting at random a few about both boys and girls from the *Class Book* of 1906, which I have with me. The following are taken from the accounts about the girls :

“Margaret M. Allen. This maid hails from Gouverneur. Our respect for that locality has increased ever since she came from there and carried off a university scholarship. Margaret’s chief characteristics are a square chin, fluffy hair, and a chuckle. The chin is indicative of the determination of her character, but the hair and chuckle indicate her readiness for good times. Her favorite diversions are coasting on South Hill and swimming. Margaret does every thing well from ‘analyt’ to

chemistry and physics. She can speak several languages fluently—even forcibly, can make stunning gowns and hats, and get up a good square meal. She expects to teach, but her friends think she is too good a housekeeper to be wasted that way.

“Martha Baggs received her diploma from the Fulton High School, where her personal magnetism soon gained her a place as a teacher. Then, either chance or choice presented to her mind the proposition of an harmonic progression to be attained by a college education. She speedily demonstrated her powers by eliminating herself from the circumscribed Fultonian circle and transposing to the Cornelian co-ordinates. Here the insatiable interest in Math, which lies at the root of her being, has proven a prime factor in her evolution. Her character is not imaginary nor variable, but a constant determinate quantity, and the problem she is seeking to solve is how best to attain a rational and symmetrical development approaching infinity as a limit.*

*The photograph in the margin is that of a very tall girl.

“Margaret Loomis Stecker, ‘Muggarita Superba,’ or simply ‘Muggarita,’ loom(i)s before us in all her majesty. She entered upon her college life with full-blown honors and fresh high-school flowers of speech, but found so many similarly crowned that she laid aside her wreath in disdain, and was content to let nature provide against her being overlooked. For four years she has walked among us with stately gait, and, now, at last, how formidable she is in cap and gown !

“Charlotte Everest Shumway, Champlain, New York. After a year at Wellesley and a series of dizzy pedagogic flights from Champlain to Colorado, to Florida—nay, even to Porto Rico did she turn,—having wielded the learned birch over the unhappy backs of Uncle Sam’s progeny of every age, rank and color, she calmly settled down at Cornell for two years, whence, armed with its formidable bachelor document she purposes to sally forth, new worlds to conquer. Unlimited in linguistic attainment, even the Fijis may not be safe from her all-embracing aims.”

The following are about some of the boys :

“Edward Elway Free has two aliases, one of which is ‘Eddie.’ This sobriquet he has earned by consistently residing in the same house on Eddy Street. Why this perseverance, dating from his giddy Freshman days, no one may tell, but interesting rumours are afloat. Edward’s second alias is ‘Deacon,’ considered appropriate because of his meek, humble, and pious personality. He is really quite a preacher—in his way—and can at times wax exceedingly ministerial. Edward has a great head on him. Confidentially, it is expected that he will some day set ‘Six Mile’ on fire—if the sun is hot enough. As he has always maintained a cheerful disposition, we do not think that he has been disappointed in love.

“Percy Edwin Clapp. From North Rush, New York, with a rush and a push and but little gush, came Percy, the pride of the Ag college. It is said that biologists have rarely seen on the face of any of the human species such red cheeks as those attached to Percy. For this reason Percy is deservedly admired

by many ladies. He is very indifferent to all attentions, however. 'P' is a boy of no mean business ability, as is shown by the fact that he has successfully managed the *Cornell Countryman*, and been one of the proprietors of the Student Laundry Agency. Friends predict that, whether it be chickens, cheese or microbes to which Percy devotes himself, there will be a snug job awaiting him somewhere in the world.

"Fred John Furman, Gent., was born in the Keystone State, America, some two or three decades ago. He very early reached the age of discretion and started for Cornell via Mansfield Normal School. Here he stood for purity in athletics, and has wrought many reforms. Although he weighs 200 pounds, he is small for his size. His great good nature has made him a favorite with the fair sex everywhere, for whom, however, he has a natural antipathy. This he very studiously endeavors to overcome when in their presence. He has not decided whether he will be a college president or a divorce lawyer.

“Fernando Ortiz de Zevallos, is Peruvian by birth, Spanish by blood, French by training, and a pretty good American college fellow for all that; athletic in nature, and yet a student; quiet in manner and still a wit. With prizes in horsemanship, bicycling and rowing, he came to us; with laurels in track, cross country and soccer, he leaves us. Paris, Lima, Baton Rouge, Ithaca—the combined learning of the four great places—fail to satisfy his mechanical thirst. He leaves Cornell with a scientific A.B. to receive a sugar B.S. from Louisiana State. Then with a draught from England, one more pull at France, and a taste of Hawaii, he will sail for his native country, a shark at mechanics and a connoisseur of sugar cane, to control the sugar industry of Peru.”

In India we miss what is called university life. In American universities the relation between the students and the professors does not cease outside the class room as in India. The students are often invited by the professors to their houses, and there they get plenty of

opportunities to mix with the ladies of their families. The position held by university professors in the United States is very high. They not only lead in intellectual affairs, but also take important parts in the political life of the Republic. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the present President of the United States, was only a few years ago the President of Princeton University. Dr. Andrew D. White was President of Cornell before he was appointed Ambassador for the United States in Russia and Germany; and Mr. Charles E. Hughes who was Governor of New York State and was nominated for President of the United States by the Republican Party, was at one time a professor of Cornell. It may also be mentioned that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt who was President of the United States for two terms and who is an alumnus of Harvard is now an honorary professor of that University.

In a university like Cornell where a student gets opportunities for mixing with the boys and professors not only of his own college, but of the other Colleges as well, the education

received is very broad and humanising. The next chapter deals exclusively with this particular phase of university life. The professors inspire the students more with esteem and regard than with dread and awe. I shall say here a few words about the very cordial relations that exist between the students, and the University Faculty and their families, with whom they come in contact. There is often interchange of photographs with words expressive of good wishes written on them. Among the photos decorating the walls of my study, I find one of Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell,—a name known throughout the United States for the splendid work done by him in connection with the University—with the following words written on the photo : “To Mr. I. B. De Majumdar, M.S.A., with the kindest regards and best wishes of his friend J. G. Schurman.” Another is that of Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey, Director of the College of Agriculture,—editor of the *Encyclopædia of American Agriculture*, of the *Encyclopædia of American Horticulture*, and

of the Rural Science Series published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., author of various books on agricultural subjects, and one of the greatest agricultural authorities in the world—with the following words on his photo: “To Mr. I. B. De Majumdar with regards of L. H. Bailey and best wishes for a successful life.” Pictures of great men remind us of their works and achievements, and when they are of masterminds with whom we have come in personal contact, they cannot but inspire us with their noble examples and high ideals. I took my major subject of Agronomy with Professor T. F. Hunt, my minor subject of Horticulture with Professor John Craig, and other branches of Agriculture with other professors. Besides the above-mentioned members of the Faculty and their families, there were several others with whom I came in contact and who extended their hospitality to me. Among them I take delight in mentioning the names of Professor J. W. Jenks (Politics) and Mrs. Jenks, Professor G. F. Atkinson (Botany) and Mrs. Atkinson, and

Professor R. C. H. Catterall (History) and Mrs. Catterall. My thanks are particularly due to Professor J. H. Tanner (Mathematics) and Mrs. Tanner, in whose home I spent many happy days in company with Prince Victor N. Narayan. Mrs. Tanner was such a kind hostess that when I left her home for a trip to the south, she gave me a packet of sandwiches and other victuals to take with me (although there was no lack of buffet arrangements in the train) so that I might not feel the slightest inconvenience on the way.

I shall now say a few words about Cornell athletics. Baseball, Basket-Ball, Cricket, American Football, Association Football and Lacrosse are the principal games played in the University. Wrestling, Boxing, Fencing, etc., are also taught in the Gymnasium. The Cayuga Lake affords great facility for rowing; for this reason particularly, Cornell has got a splendid Crew. Many a victory has been won by Cornell in the interuniversity games. Much adverse criticism has been levelled against the unsportsmanlike spirit of American

players. In this connection, the following extracts taken from the President's Report, 1910-11, of the Cornell University will be of interest to the readers :

“Much publicity was given to Cornell athletics by the events of Navy Day (as the undergraduates have now come to call it), Saturday, May, 27. On that day the Cornell teams and crews were victorious in baseball, in rowing, and in track, in contests which attracted wide attention and much newspaper comment. Apart from rejoicing in these victories the friends of the University may modestly hope that the spirit animating Cornell athletics is in some measure deserving of the encomiums which it received in newspaper comments on that occasion, as, for example, the following from an editorial in the *Boston Transcript* of May, 29 :

‘So Cornell, as they say in the Greek histories, was victorious both by land and by sea. We feebly struggle; they in glory shine. And though beaten, and beaten badly, we can still admire without envy, and cheer without

regret. As was said in these columns on Saturday, next to the honor of beating Cornell is the honor of being beaten by men who play the game so like gentlemen, men who can generously win and as handsomely take defeat. Singularly, there is no sting in being beaten by Cornell; it is as if they had all along deserved to win.' "

The carnelian and white are the colours of Cornell; the red and the blue are the colours of Harvard and Yale respectively. Many are the songs of Cornell about her athletic activities; one of the most popular is that of the Carnelian and White, the first verse of which is quoted below. It speaks of her rivalry with Harvard and Yale :

"Cornell colours are waving to-day,
Cornell colours point out the way ;
Steady and true, 'gainst the red and the blue
Cornell must win her way."

There is a song about the Football Team of Cornell; there are the Boating Song, the Rowing Song, and the Crew Song, all of which infuse martial spirit into the hearts of the

Cornellians. One of these—the Crew Song of Cornell is quoted below :

CREW SONG.

Onward, like the swallow going,
Roused is every nerve and sense :
Oh, the wild delight of knowing
'Tis our power that does the rowing !
Oh, the joy of life intense !
Rest was made for feebler folk.
Onward, make her cut the water,
Onward, make her cut the water,
And for fame of Alma Mater
Stroke ! Stroke ! Stroke !

Steady now, let no distraction
Slow the speed of oar or shell ;
All in unison of action
Win the noble satisfaction—
Victory for old Cornell !
Coolly every power invoke ;
Do not break in sweep or feather.
One last effort ! All together !
Steady ! Old Cornell forever !
Stroke ! Stroke ! Stroke !

The American college songs are very inspiring, and to them, no doubt, are to be attributed the great efforts exerted by the

students in gaining victory over the rival institutions. Space does not permit the inclusion of all the popular Cornell songs. I shall only quote here the chorus of the "Rowing Song", and that of "the Cornell Cheer."

"Stroke, stroke, our crew is at the start.
Stroke, stroke, we cheer with all our heart.
Stroke, stroke, we can always tell
That stroke, stroke, the winner's our Cornell."

"Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!
The ringing cheers the echoes swell,
Till answer lake and hill and dell—
Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!"

The American students' love for their Alma Mater is perhaps only second to that for their country. This love for the mother university finds utterance in all their college songs. Below is quoted the song wherein it is stated that a Cornellian holds no name so dear as the good name of Cornell.

CORNELL.

The soldier loves his gen'ral's fame,
The willow loves the stream,

THE ALMA MATER

The child will love its mother's name,
The dreamer love his dream ;
The soldier loves his haven's pier,
The shadow loves the dell ;
The student holds no name so dear,
As thy good name, Cornell.

Chorus .

We'll honour thee, Cornell,
We'll honour thee, Cornell ;
While breezes blow,
Or waters flow,
We'll honour thee, Cornell !

The soldier with his sword of might
In blood may write his fame ;
The prince in marble columns white
May deeply carve his name ;
But graven on each student's heart
There shall unsullied dwell,
While of this world he is a part,
Thy own good name, Cornell.

The love of the students for their Alma Mater does not vanish with their college days. The alumni have a life-long devotion to their Alma Mater, and they contribute a good deal to her maintenance by their voluntary endowments and gifts. In the year 1905 when I was

at Yale, the President of the University announced at Commencement time the gift to the University of a sum of one million dollars by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in America and perhaps in the world, and of another million dollars by the alumni of Yale. Gifts like those of Sir Tarak Nath Palit and Sir Rash Bihari Ghosh to the University of Calcutta, though they are magnificent and unequalled in the annals of that University, are but modest sums when compared with the endowments which are annually made to American universities by rich men and the alumni.

The happiest period of a man's life is that passed at school and college. While trying in my own humble way to pay tribute to my Alma Mater by writing these few pages about her, my thoughts go back to the many pleasant days that I spent there, days that have slipped away and will never come back to me.

"I am thinking to-night of my old college town,
I am dreaming of days that are flown,

THE ALMA MATER

Of the joys and the strife of my old college life—
Ah, those days were the best that I have known.

Chorus :

“Then here is the toast we will drink,
A good rousing health to Cornell.
Let your glasses clink,
A good excuse I think,
Is a toast to her we all love so well.

“I’m rejoicing to-night o’er her vict’ries again
Though I helped not the triumph to gain ;
I will shout with my might for carnelian and white,
And her honour forever maintain.”*

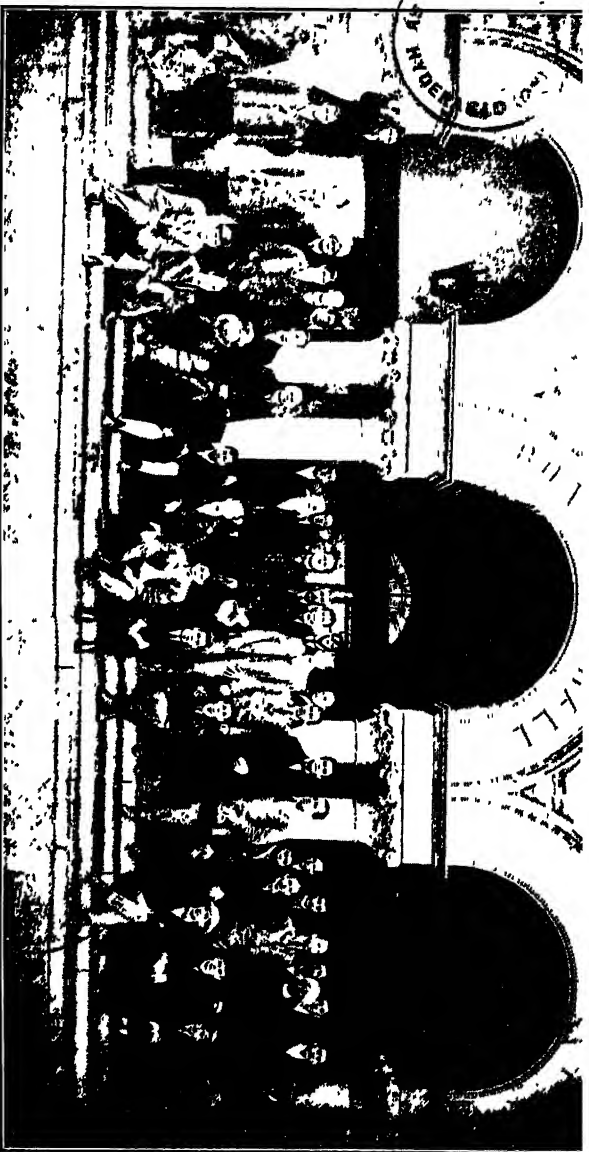
*“Alumni Song” of Cornell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CORNELL COSMOPOLITAN CLUB.

Modesto Quiroga—Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs—The Cosmopolitan Annual—Hindusthani Night—Report of the Ithaca Daily News—Speech of the President of the University—Hindu play—Farewell address—The Evening Song.

Of the thirty-seven fraternities, twelve societies, and the various clubs which existed at Cornell in my time, I think the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club held the uppermost place in the hearts of the foreign students. President Schurman and Ex-President White were honorary members of the Club, and the ordinary members included several professors of the University, and students from the four corners of the globe. The President, the Ex-President, and the professors often attended the Club, and mixed freely with the student members. The founder of the Club was Modesto Quiroga, a Spanish-American student



Some members of the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club, 1906. More than a dozen countries are represented in the group, viz., the United States, Brazil, Peru, Argentine, Mexico, Philippines, India, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Norway, Sweden, Holland, etc. In the central section among the figures standing, the second from the left is Ex-President White, the fifth is President Schurman, and the sixth Professor Hunt. Of the two Hindu students (wearing turbans) in the group, the one in the left is

I B De Majumdar, and the one in the right is J N Chakravarti

of Cornell. A few words from the account written about him by Professor Hunt, whose student he was, is given below from the *Cosmopolitan Annual* of 1907 :

“Just after the close of the Spanish-American War, a young man from Argentina sat at the supper table of a boarding house connected with an American institution of learning. Next him sat quite a young girl listening to his difficulties with the English language. Finally the young miss, who had had two brothers in the recent war, said to him with childish directness, ‘You are a Spaniard.’ ‘I a Spaniard? No,’ he replied with marked emphasis, ‘I am an American.’ This was before a provincial Secretary of State promulgated a ‘ukase’ that only citizens of the United States of America are Americans. Modesto Quiroga was already more than American. His vision took in the whole world; his philosophy was not circumscribed by any school. He not only had knowledge of world movements and ideas, but understanding, and with it that sympathy that grows out of

acquaintance and understanding. 'The passion of national ascendancy and the glory of military triumphs,' to-day the world-wide governmental fad, peace conferences notwithstanding, found no place in his creed.

"Before coming to the United States, whither he had been sent by the Argentine Government to study agriculture, Quiroga had been thoroughly trained in the best educational institutions of his own country, which evidently deal largely in metaphysics. Knowing him as the soul of modesty, I was not a little surprised one day to have him indicate that while in science and technical training he had much to learn, in philosophy he had no fear of an antagonist. It was not strange, therefore, that our friend should desire to found a club based upon what seemed to him at least a truer philosophy, from which should emanate a higher system of morality and a broader humanity than had hitherto been known.

"Those of us who have been accustomed to the freedom of thought and expression characteristic of this country can scarcely

realise what it means to a man reared in a country having a dominant religious faith, to which all are supposed to pay homage, to be suddenly placed in this freer atmosphere. Discussing this question with a foreigner, he said to me, 'I do not look upon the United States as a nation. I look upon it as a new system of thought.'

"Lest this article may fall under the eye of some one unacquainted with the purpose of the Cosmopolitan Club, it should be stated that while Quiroga was an idealist he was not a visionary. Whatever may have been his philosophical dreams, the Cosmopolitan Club was born out of the necessity for the welfare of those students who are coming in constantly increasing numbers to the United States for scientific and technical training. But he saw further, that in promoting the material, educational, social and moral welfare of these students from other countries, there lay a great opportunity. Many of them are the picked scholars of their respective countries sent hither under governmental auspices.

Whatever the motive which has caused them to gather from the four corners of the earth, many, if not most of them are destined in future years to occupy positions of state or to be men of influence in private walks of life. The far-reaching influence that comes from knowledge of the different national viewpoints and the trade opportunities which comes from close association and discussion in a club of this kind, can not be fully estimated, not to mention the greater influence of personal and fraternal acquaintance between men of state in preventing misunderstandings between nations and in promoting commerce and peace. There is already evidence to believe that this was no idle dream. In passing, it may perhaps not be too much to say that even the famous democracy of Cornell University life has been further broadened by this beneficent club during the past three years.

“Modesto Quiroga is one of those rare spirits who see things in their true perspective without local color or prejudice. With the culture of a true gentleman, he was always

careful not to offend. Seldom, even when provocation was strong, did he find it in his heart to reply to sarcasm or unjust criticism. A pure character in every relation of life, a keen mind, a lovable temperament, a great worker in the face of physical disabilities, an idealist but not a doctrinaire, his life consecrated to the welfare of others, a minister unto men without preaching,—such is Modesto Quiroga, Parent and Patron of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs to whom the first *Annual* of the Cornell Section is affectionately dedicated.”

After the foundation of the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club, similar clubs were founded in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, Chicago, Louisiana and other places; and all the Cosmopolitan and International Clubs in the United States formed themselves into an Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs. About the further details of the Cornell chapter, I shall quote here some extracts from the editorial of the *Indian Mirror* of Calcutta, dated the 27th April, 1907 :

“We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr.

De Majumdar immediately after his return to Calcutta, and from our conversation with him, we learnt that there are now ten Indian students in the Cornell University, of whom four have gone from Bombay, and six from Bengal as scholars of the Government of India. Mr. De Majumdar seemed to be greatly pleased with his American visit, and spoke highly of the treatment which he had received from both his fellow-students and his professors. He thinks that America is the best place for the education of our youth, not only because the American system of education is thorough and practical, but also because the moral atmosphere of the American institutions is purer and healthier than that found in any other country. The student of an American University, while obtaining the best training, has the singular advantage of coming in contact with youths of almost all nationalities of the world. This in itself is an education of the most liberal type. In the Cosmopolitan Club are to be found young men from China, Japan, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Peru,

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, Greece, France, Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, South Africa, Porto Rico, the Hawaii Islands; Great Britain, and various other countries of the world. As Vice-President of the Cosmopolitan Club, Mr. De Majumdar had the rare good fortune of associating with these young men on the most cordial terms of friendship. Mr. De Majumdar showed us the photographs of some of these youths, presented to him with affectionate words written on them. There is not the least formality among the members of the Cosmopolitan Club. They live, dine, study and play together as members of one great family. If the spirit of Universal Brotherhood is cultivated truly anywhere, it is in an institution like the Cornell University, and we are glad to learn that this spirit is about to be carried into Michigan and Wisconsin. The Universities of those places are also very popular, though not to such an extent as the Cornell University which imparts the best agricultural education in the whole world.

“It is well that the movement of scientific and industrial education has obtained a firm footing in this country. We would strongly advise our young men to go to America for such education, in preference to all other countries. We would not find a University like Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Cornell in this country, even if we waited for a century.”

In the issue of the *Indian Mirror* of August 4, 1907, there appeared another leader in which some more details about the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club were given. A few extracts from that leader are given below :

“We noticed sometime ago the Cosmopolitan Club connected with the Cornell University in America as a unique institution where the problem of Universal Brotherhood is being practically solved. The Cornell University is one of the best known institutions in America, where students from all nationalities and from all parts of the world, seeking scientific and technical training, always find a ready welcome. The Cosmopolitan Club has been in existence for three years, and its

organ, the *Cosmopolitan Annual* has just made its appearance. The objects of the Cosmopolitan Club are to unite for their mutual benefit, socially and intellectually, men of all nationalities; to aid foreign students coming to the University; to promote the individual welfare of the members in whatever country they may be; and to promote friendly and commercial relations and a higher standard of order and justice between different nationalities. Narrow sectarian dogmas have no place in the constitution of the Club. It is the rallying point of educative, humanising and socialising endeavours, and is altogether a striking organ of the brotherhood of man. The newly published *Cosmopolitan Annual* is full of interesting reading, and an additional charm is lent to it by the beautifully executed illustrations which adorn its pages. The frontispiece shows the figure of Modesto Quiroga, the founder of the Club—an Argentine by birth, and a most remarkable personality. The illustrations include those of the Argentine Colony, the Brazilian Colony, the Chinese

Colony, the Hindusthani Colony, the Philippine Colony and the Peruvian Colony. The Hindusthani group comprises Messrs. A. C. Ghose, S. V. Ketkar, A. M. Gurjar, I. B. De Majumdar, H. L. Dutt, S. N. Sil, P. S. Shilotry, H. P. Mitra, J. N. Chakravarti and D. D. Datta. The members of the Club represent almost all nationalities of the world.

“The spirit of a genuine patriotism pervades every branch of the Cosmopolitan Club. Its organisation is of a purely international character and its principles are wholly democratic. An interesting account is given of the first festive gathering of the members last year. The members prepared the dinner themselves and served it in the Club rooms which were decorated with the flags of all nations. The names of Mr. I. B. De Majumdar of Bengal and Mr. Marca of Peru are prominently mentioned as having displayed the greatest eloquence. The different countries entertain the Club each fortnight and the intervening Saturday nights are taken up with

debates on various subjects. The 'Social Problem,' it is said attracts most attention. The conditions prevailing in the different countries are lucidly explained, followed by a general discussion. Informal dinners to departing members, dances, boat-rides, banquets to graduating members, etc., are the usual social events of the Club. Last year, we are told, national nights were given by the Argentines, by the Dutch of Holland and South Africa, by the Britishers, by the Hindûs, and by the Brazilians. The foreign students are afforded every facility of studying the best side of American life. They are treated with every respect and consideration. 'As a result, the American woman,' says one of the writers in the *Cosmopolitan Annual*, 'appears in a different light to the members of foreign countries, who return to them with fond memories of certain feminine types whom otherwise they might never have known.' As the exponent of the broadest cosmopolitanism, having friendship and mutual service for its watchwords, the Club stands in uncompro-

missing hostility to imperialism whose guiding principles are hatred, envy, conquest and tribute. The fraternity of nations is the high ideal of the Club—an ideal which represents the highest standard of humanity ever known in the world.

“The Indian students of the Cornell University are making the best use of their opportunities, and we are glad to find that they are highly spoken of by their American fellow-students. They have had the rare opportunity of making friends among students of various nationalities. The students from the Philippines seem to be also greatly liked by the Americans. The Filipinos are born musicians and some of them have made a mark in the musical world. Mr. Francisco Agcaoili, a Filipino student, is the leader of the Cosmopolitan Club Orchestra, and a beautiful composition of his, called the ‘Cosmopolitan Club March,’ is reproduced in the *Club Annual*. It is highly gratifying to find that some of our Bengali students are actively and prominently associated with the management of

the Club. Mr. I. B. De Majumdar mentioned above who has lately returned from America, after obtaining the Master's Degree in the Agricultural Science, was the First Vice-President of the Club during the second year of its existence. Mr. De Majumdar was entertained at a farewell party by the members of the Club, and we will reproduce in our to-morrow's issue the speech which he made on the occasion. One of the associate editors of the *Club Annual* is Mr. J. N. Chakravarti, who is an inhabitant of Entally in Calcutta. Mr. Indu Bhushan De Majumdar is an inhabitant of the Dacca District, and is now in the employ of the Cooch Behar State. It was a great honour which was done to him by his American fellow-students in electing him to the office of Vice-President of the Club. We understand that it is the intention of His Highness the Maharaja of Cooch Behar to send his third son to the Cornell University in charge of Mr. De Majumdar. That a great career is open to students who have received a thorough scientific and technical training in America, is shown by the

success of Mr. De Majumdar and others. The country is in need of such young men, and the more of our youth are sent abroad, the better. America is the best training ground for our boys, and, from what has been said about the Cosmopolitan Club of the Cornell University, it will be seen that not the least prejudice exists among Americans towards Indian students. The Negroes are the only class of people who are not liked by the Americans, but the Chinese, the Japanese, the Filipinos and the Indians are invariably treated with the greatest courtesy. The Cosmopolitan Club has solved the racial problem far more effectively than any other agency or institution in the world. It is remarkable that, while in India, Hindus, Mahomedans and Anglo-Indians are so much at loggerheads with each other, Europeans, Americans and Orientals are fraternising with the utmost cordiality in one of the foremost seats of learning in the New World. The democracy and cosmopolitanism of American University life should be an inducement to our young men to seek admission into Universities

like that of Cornell in increasing numbers every year."

Mention has been made in the above extracts of entertainments given by different nationalities in the Club. My countrymen perhaps would like to know how the entertainments given by the Hindus were appreciated by the Americans. I, therefore, cannot do better than quote extracts from the report about a "Hindusthani Night" which appeared in the issue of the *Ithaca Daily News* of the 11th May, 1908 :

HINDUS POKE FUN AT MERRY
WIDOW HATS; ROAST MEN'S
COSTUMES.

Say Collars Are Stiff and "Choky," and
Clothes Have Too Many Pockets—Schur-
man Recognises Other Civilization.

"Hindusthani Night" at Barnes Hall was the occasion of the orientalising of several Ithacans. It was under the auspices of the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club, and was held

Saturday night. It was like going back to the Arabian Nights.

Upon entering the hall the visitor met a dark-skinned, turbaned individual.* The turban was of red and gold, and hung down the Hindu's back like a heavy curtain. He held a massive silver tray upon which was piled choice flowers of many colors.

H. P. Mitra, chairman of the committee of arrangements, opened the festivities with a little speech, and introduced Indu Bhushan De Majumdar, who had just returned from a tour of the south. Mr. De as he is known, told a number of stories and took a fling at the "Merry Widow" hat. He said that in India husbands are "saved this expense," but that nevertheless there is need for coin, as the girls over there wear so much jewellery that sometimes they are really weighted down.

Following an exhibition of the costumes of the four seasons in India—summer, rainy, winter and spring, there were short speeches by several well-known Hindus. Before intro-

*Valet of Maharajkumar Victor N. Narayan.

ducing them, however, Mr. De explained the custom in India of honoring some one with a garland of flowers, and asked President Schurman if he would be so kind as to wear this token of regard. Mr. Schurman, who sat near the stage, bowed his head as Mr. Mitra placed the wreath around his neck while the audience applauded.

Mr. De introduced as the next speaker one who, he said, hailed from China but out-Hindued any Hindu at Cornell for his Hinduism—a man who was as versatile as he was fortunate, because he not only was well informed on worldly affairs but had a season ticket to Sage College. Midst deafening applause and much laughter Mr. Yih stepped out, as the curtain was rung up. He wore a green turban, a silk shirt, pajama-like trousers, and a shawl which resembled a stole of gigantic proportions.

THE FASHIONS IN INDIA.

Mr. Yih then told Ithacans about oriental dress. He said, in substance :

“You may find many things strange in our dress. But we are not so far behind the times as you may think. You gentlemen wear derbies, and high hats, and low hats, and part hats. Yes; but we had all those hats in India 2,000 years ago, and have discarded them. When you want a derby you go to a hat store and the hat man makes your head fit the hat. Our turban fits any sized head.

“Now about some of us having long hair. This is not a sign of effeminacy, as you seem to think; because look at your strong, big, tall cowboys in the west. I have seen them with long hair. And our shawls; well, they look loose and they are loose; but your coats, my good men, sometimes make me think they are a little bit tight, squeezing you under the arms. Then our shawls fit girls just as well as men; and how nice it is, when at parties a girl says she feels right cool, for you to take off your shawl and lend it to her.

“My shirt looks negligee; yes, boys, but your collars look right choky, to me. Another funny thing, you see, we have so few pockets;

you have about sixteen to twenty to carry around, what? Why? theatre tickets, ball-room tickets, charity bazaar tickets, picture-show tickets and meal tickets." (Laughter.)

Mr. Yih concluded his talk by declaring that the turban serves two useful purposes—(1) as a protection for the head, and (2) when fire breaks out serving as a rope, one end being tied to the bedstead.

PRINCE RAPS OUR "ENGLISH."

Prince Victor Narayan, clad in a white silk costume and holding a red handkerchief in the palm of his left hand, was the next speaker. "Before coming to Ithaca," he said, I read of the Tower of Babel. However, I never knew what it was like until I reached Ithaca and heard so many tongues. I had studied English in England, but I must say I did not know all about the American language. Now I am going to ask Mr. De to deliver an address, as he is better informed than I.

Mr. De called on President Schurman.

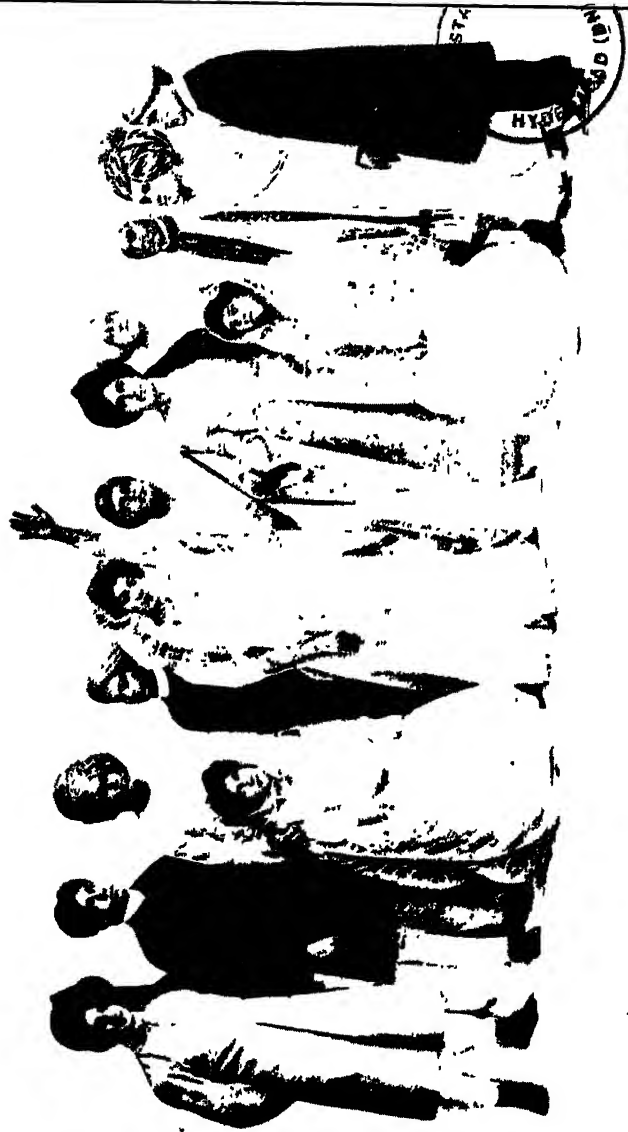
SCHURMAN'S SPEECH.

With white blossoms round his neck and depending on either side of his coat, and holding a red rose in his hand, President Schurman arose and said in substance :

“I wish to congratulate this club upon the work it has accomplished and the standing its members have achieved. It has been a brilliant success, and has played a most useful part in the university life bringing foreigners in closer touch with one another and Americans with foreigners, accomplishing good which could not have been done in any other way.

“My friends, living as we usually do, we get the idea in our heads that we are the superior race in this world. We feel that there is no man like the American man and, of course, no woman like the American woman. (Applause.)

“All this is very well ; but we get to think also that there are just about five or six other nations besides American—the English, the German, the French, the Italian, and perhaps one or two more and the rest—all savages. I



A SCENE OF THE HINDU MARRIAGE CEREMONIAL IN THE HINDUSTHANI NIGHT

A Chinese student played the part of the Hindu bride, an Argentine student that of the bridegroom, a Brazilian student that of the bride's mother, and a Filipino student that of the bridegroom's mother. Prince Victor N. Narayan (third figure from the left) played the part of the bride's father, and B. M. Chatterjee who is shown in the foreground played the part of the bride's mother.

have the idea, however, that this Cosmopolitan Club, in the exhibits of the civilization of the different countries presented to us on such occasions as to-night, is compelling us to recognize that others are our equals in many ways including civilization. Especially do I see this in the lands of China and India. Of course in Japan we have already recognized the Christian virtue of fighting. (Laughter.) I express, therefore, my appreciation and also my gratitude that this club exists, for it has become, in its own way, one of the real educating forces of this university." (Applause.)

GIVES A HINDU PLAY.

Mr. Mitra followed with a short introductory address on his play. The seven scenes depicted the educated Hindu's courtship and final wedding. Every scene was applauded. At the conclusion of the scene, "one year afterward" refreshments were served. There was much speculation as to what these morsels were. The sweetened strips of cocoanut apparently made a bigger hit than some of the little

white rolls, which were sweet on one side and like cheese on the other.

These compose the Hindu colony in charge of the "night : " Chairman, H. P. Mitra ; D. Datta, M. M. Datta, B. M. Chatterjee, A. Dutt, S. V. Ketkar, H. S. Chima, Victor N. Narayan.

These were the patronesses : Mrs. Leander R. King, Mrs. Eben T. Turner, Mrs. J. G. Schurman, Mrs. Frank A. Fetter, Mrs. G. F. Atkinson, Mrs. I. Madison Bailey.

When on the completion of my studies at Cornell, I was about to return to India, my heart was naturally heavy to leave the Cornell University and the Cosmopolitan Club. I take the liberty of quoting here some extracts* from what I said to the members of the club at the farewell dinner they gave me :

"FELLOW-COSMOPOLITANS,

My race in the Cosmopolitan Club is nearly run. I take this opportunity to bid

*From the *Cosmopolitan Annual* of 1907, pages 24—26.

good-bye to you all. Allow me to tell you in the fullness of my heart that the best period of my life was spent with you in the Cornell University,—in the Cosmopolitan Club. Not only in this forum of nations have I found out what place my country holds in the great procession of peoples, in the great march of humanity, how much we fall short of, how much we have to make up, in the emulative competition of the times, but in this living ethnological museum I have also found the truth that ‘above all nations is humanity.’

“ ‘Wars and bloodshed have long possessed this beautiful earth. Hatred of man against man, brother against brother, has filled the earth with violence, drenched it often and often with human blood, destroyed civilizations and sent whole nations to despair. Had it not been for this horrible demon, human society would be far more advanced than this.’ The Cosmopolitan Club has given me hope. I came to this country—a pessimistic Hindu, I go back—an optimistic Cosmopolitan. I believe the time will soon come when there will be

established universal brotherhood amongst mankind, there will be an end to persecution with the sword and the pen, an end to all uncharitable feelings between persons wending their way to progress and civilization.

“My cosmopolitan brothers, when I shall be back in India, and work amongst my people, the remembrance of your kindness and your sympathy will give me hope and will bring me cheer. I believe

‘When love unites
Wide space divides in vain,
And hands may clasp
Across the spreading main.’

It pains me very much to bid farewell to you. I have gone in and out amongst you these two years and have come to know you well. My heart has gone out with you in all your affairs; I have taken part in many of your functions, I have shared in your joys, I have participated in your sorrows, and I have tried as well as I could through it all in my small way to promote constantly a better understanding, a fuller and more accurate knowledge, a more

generous sympathy between the different countries, between my country and yours. Farewell is a word often lightly uttered and readily forgotten. But when it marks the completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties long cherished, and parting with many friends at once, it sticks in the throat and makes us linger. Sorry as I am to part with you, I do not, however go empty-handed and alone. I go freighted and laden with happy memories, inexhaustible and unalloyed, from the different nationalities of the Cosmopolitan Club ; I go back to my country as the messenger of your sympathy and good will, the mutual and warm regard and esteem that bind together the different nations of the world.

“Farewell, my friends from India, China, Japan, and the Philippines,—my brothers from the lands of the rising Sun whom I meet in this land of the mist and the snow. Farewell my friends from Great Britain and Canada, New Zealand and Australia,—my brothers of the British Empire with whom the fate of my country is indissolubly linked

together. Farewell my brothers of Europe and the New World, who though born under different skies have their hearts beating in sympathy with ours. Farewell my brother cosmopolitans, with gratitude for your constant and unswerving kindness, I bid you my affectionate farewell. I shall be separated from you in body, but my spirit will hover in your midst. Half my heart I leave behind in the Cosmopolitan Club. God bless you !”

My friends all came in a body to see me off at the railway station. It was evening time ; they sang many Cornell songs, and the last one they sang when the train was in motion was the Evening Song, which is still ringing in my ears :

“When the Sun fades far away
In the crimson of the west,
And the voices of the day
Murmur low and sink to rest,—

Chorus :

“Music with the twilight falls
O’er the dreaming lake and dell ;
’Tis an echo from the walls
Of our own, our fair Cornell.

THE CORNELL COSMOPOLITAN CLUB

“Life is joyous when the hours
Move in melody along ;
All its happiness is ours,
While we join the vesper song.

“Welcome night, and welcome rest,
Fading music, fare thee well ;
Joy to all we love the best,
Love to thee, our fair Cornell !”

CHAPTER XII.

TITBITS.

Pie contest—Quick Lunch Restaurants—Superabundance of American dentists and golden artificial teeth—University yells—Dressed in their younger brothers' clothes—"Isn't he a sight?"—"I don't like him though, he has got whiskers"—"Hotel mánglá há?"—"Stand in a line"—Sultan of Turkey—"Why not ask them to show us some tricks?"—"Have you got Baron Komura with you?"—The British Imperial Club—White City—Chatham Episcopal Institute—Basket-ball game between girls—"Does not his name sound like a terrible swearing?"—Northfield Students' Conference—"A'ssálám álaí kom"—John R. Mott—Mrs. Ole Bull—Professor Lanman—Anandabai Joshi—Indian students in America—The achievement of America.

In the programme of amusement in a public park in America in the summer-time I noticed that amongst others one item was a "pie contest!" At first I could not quite make out what a pie contest was, but when I saw the performance I was simply dying of

laughter. Half a dozen boys under twelve had entered the contest. They had their hands tied behind their backs, and they squatted in oriental fashion upon the floor of the bandstand of the park. Before each of them was placed on the floor a full big plate of blackberry pie, one piece from which—a one-eighth portion—would be considered more than enough for an adult's dessert. As soon as the signal was given, each contestant stooped low, brought his mouth to the level of the plate and began to swallow the contents, without the use of the hands which were tied. Each went on with the utmost rapidity he could command, and as the cheeks and nose came in contact with the contents of the plate while this interesting performance was going on, and became tinged with blackberries, each contestant suggested the appearance of a spotted leopard. The spectators were in hysterics of laughter, ladies specially. Shouts and yells poured forth from all sides, from old and young, from male and female. Handkerchiefs were waved in the air. The contestants were cheered and applauded,

just like the crew in a boat-race between two big universities. Every eye watched their progress with eagerness, predictions were made as to who would win, bets were offered and wagers were laid just as in all other races in America, whether it was the boat-race or the horse-race or the race of candidates for the governorship of a state.

At first I doubted if any of those little boys would be able to consume a whole plate of pie, but my doubts were dispersed by the strength of direct ocular evidence. The pies disappeared in no time, and the champion was awarded his prize of a dollar amidst tremendous cheering and applause. The less successful ones, although they did not get any silver, were contented, however, with a *good square meal* of blackberry pie, and went away determined to win the contest at any cost next year, and to beat, if possible, the world's record in the quickness of eating. I have seen people climbing up a greased pole ; I have seen sack-races, hurdle-races, and three-legged races ; I have seen military drills and tournaments and

various other performances in Calcutta and London, in India and England ; but I have not seen anywhere outside America the pie contest or its like. The pie contest is an exclusively American contest. The tying of the hands behind the back adds zest to the ceremony. The Americans want to beat all records in the speed of steamers, trains, and motor cars, and in foot-race, boat-race and cycle-race. In the race of eating, however, all other nations are stragglers behind ; America is the champion without a second. The American Quick Lunch Restaurants where the customers finish their meals in five minutes, and the pie contest reveal to the student of sociology a whole chapter of the American character. It seems that in the great struggle for existence the people always have to *hurry and hustle*, and they have no time even to masticate their food. This system of quick eating inevitably results in indigestion and tooth troubles, and accounts for the superabundance of American dentists on the one hand, and golden artificial teeth of the people on the other.

The Americans are a very demonstrative people. During election times, at baseball and other games and sports, their excitement is often found to be at a high pitch. When one hears from a distance the sound proceeding from a baseball field, one would imagine that the people being caught in a fire are all shouting for help, or that the American Red Indians have escaped from their reservations and are having a free fight with the white settlers. William Jennings Bryan, the great American orator and leader of the Democratic Party in one of his books draws a parallel between the sound heard at baseball games and that in the rooms of the Calcutta Zoological garden inhabited by the Darwinian ancestors of mankind; and suggests that a competition might be held between those animals and the yell-leaders to show which one of the parties would come out victorious in the matter of yelling.

The audience also in meetings, theatres, and amusement halls are very appreciative and shew their demonstrative nature. I have noticed in theatres at university towns that the

students amongst the audience are not satisfied with the clapping of hands only, but they would ask for a speech, when the leading actor would make his appearance at the end of the principal scene; and they would not stop shouting "Speech", "Speech" until the actor gave a speech over and above his theatrical performance.

When the slogan of university yells of America first penetrates the ears of a foreigner, it may seem to be out of harmony with the Anglo-Saxon civilization of the twentieth century, and may remind him of the yelling Red Indians of the time of Columbus with their war-paints and battle-cries. But let the foreigner stay in the country for a considerable time, he will soon get into the spirit of things, the sooner if he enrolls himself as a student in a university. It will not take him long to be converted. He would not only love the Alma Mater Songs, the Crew Songs, and the Football Songs, but also the Long and Short University Yells.

The New World must, of course, differ

from the Old World in matters of dress, diet and other respects, when such differences are found even amongst neighbouring countries. The foreigner on crossing the Atlantic no longer comes across men in tight-fitting clothes as in Europe. The American dress is much more loose. During a voyage, an American fellow passenger—a Californian—was telling me in course of conversation in connection with tight European dresses that the Europeans look as if they are dressed in the clothes of their younger brothers. I asked him: "Don't you like London fashion? The idea the world over is 'London fashion for gentlemen, Parsian fashion for ladies.' I am told that lots of your countrymen have their clothes made in London, and in that way save their money, as clothes are twice or thrice as expensive in New York ; and that some of them come to England with the main object of having their clothes made, and that even after the payment of the custom duties at New York and the passage both ways the clothes ultimately come out cheaper than if they were made in America." The

Californian replied "What you say is quite true, it is cheaper to have clothes made in London, but even in London we have our American tailors, and the clothes are made in the American style. Some of the American millionaires who live in Europe adopt the English style, but those who go back to America have to use the American style, otherwise the people would stare at them."

The truth of that statement I had also found out myself. The first time I sailed from London for the United States I had all my clothes made in London, and amongst those I had a short overcoat. At the advent of winter, when I made my appearance in America in that overcoat, my land-lady's daughter looked at it, smiled and said, "I see you have got a new overcoat." I nodded and went on my way. That day I happened to come back from college earlier than usual, and from my room I could not but overhear the following conversation. The daughter who thought I was away began by saying, "Mother, have you seen Mr. De in his new overcoat?" Mother, "No, dear, why?"

Daughter, "Oh! Isn't he a sight in that!" The same afternoon I went to a tailor and gave orders for an overcoat in the latest American cut. The English one found a permanent place in my trunk for the rest of my stay in America.

One seldom comes across any person wearing beard or mustache in the States. Once I read in an American paper that the girls of a co-educational institution of the west, in a strong body, refused to attend class with the boys, as some of them came without a shave. A French fencing instructor in one of the big American universities told me that when he first came to America, he was sometimes jeered at in the streets of New York for his flowing beard.

Once I went to attend a campaign meeting of the Republican Party, previous to the election of the Governor of the State. The nominee of the party was present at the meeting, and made an excellent speech, and was very much applauded. The nominee of the other party also had made his appearance a few days before in the same hall, but he differed from his

opponent not only in his political ideas but also in personal taste in wearing beard and mustache. The nominee of the Democratic Party was clean-shaved, whereas the orator of the evening in the Republican meeting, had mustache and long beard.

After the meeting was over, I heard the following conversation going on between a couple a little ahead of me. The man said, "Isn't he a splendid speaker!" The woman replied, "Yes; I don't like him though,—he has got whiskers. I liked the other one much better." The gentleman with the whiskers, however, was elected after all. Those who are in favour of women's suffrage and "petticoat government" in the United States might draw a lesson from the above. If the women had the power to vote in the state, which they had not, I wonder if that would have made any difference in favour of the clean-shaved candidate. However, I should think that in a state like Colorado, where women's suffrage prevails, it would be expedient for a man to get rid of his whiskers, if he would hope to get the votes of the fair sex.

I took my second trip to the United States with Prince Victor Narayan of Cooch Behar. The prince has dwelt on that trip in the last chapter of the book. I wrote about my first voyage to America in my Bengali book '*Markin Yátrá.*' It will perhaps not be out of place if I recount here my adventures in New York when as a student I landed there for the first time at the end of my first voyage. Mr. B. A. Taher, a Mahomedan graduate of the University of Calcutta, and a scholar of the Association for the Advancement of Scientific and Industrial Education of Indians, was my fellow-passenger. As soon as we landed on the pier a young man asked us if we were from India. On my answering in the affirmative, he said that he guessed so from the turban that I wore. He told us that his name was Walker and that he was sent by the Young Men's Christian Association of New York to receive us. We, of course, knew that information had been previously sent to the Y. M. C. A. of New York by our friends from London about our going to the States. When Mr. Walker

was talking to us, a man came and asked us in Hindusthani if we wanted to go to any hotel. ("*Hotel mángtá hái?*"). We learnt that he had lived in Lahore, India, for some time, and that there he had picked up a little Hindusthani. The charges in his hotel were 25 dollars or 75 Rupees a week for rooms only. Mr. Walker said that the hotel would be very expensive, to which he replied, "I guess, these *fellows* can afford." The word *fellow*, indicative of brotherhood and fellow-feeling, gave us an idea of American democracy as soon as we landed on American soil. The agent of the hotel left his card with Mr. Walker, and went in search of other customers.

Mr. Walker then went to the custom-officers to have our baggages passed. One officer said to him rudely, "Stand in a line." The word "please" or any other polite expression was not used with that sentence. Mr. Walker then took his place behind other passengers who stood in a line to have their baggages examined. Our trunks and handbags having been examined and passed, we left

the trunks in the depot, and taking our handbags with us, we accompanied Mr. Walker to the station of the elevated car. Lots of porters were hanging about to carry the handbags, etc., and "Want a porter, sir" was the cry with which we were greeted by them. "No thanks" was the reply given by us, on which Mr. Walker observed that it would be all right, if we simply said "No." A man in the street looking at my turban shouted "Osman pasha," another shouted "Sultan of Turkey," and a boy threw some flowers at me. I could not help thinking that such showering of flowers on me as soon as I had entered the New World must be very auspicious, indeed!

We spent the night in a hotel, and in the next morning we went to the Y.M.C.A. at 3 West 29 St. Mr. Booth, the General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations in New York had arranged that we should stay in the French Y.M.C.A. at 109 West 54 St., and he accompanied us to that destination. It was mid-day, and it was lunch time for school students. A school for boys was in the

neighbourhood. As soon as it struck 12, the boys came out in a body from the school. The boys on seeing my turban began to shout "Get a hat;" those who had not noticed me before had their attention drawn by that yell, and they also joined the chorus and followed us. Mr. Booth took my hand, and like a conquering hero began to march at the head of this procession. The French Y.M.C.A. stood close by. When we reached the gate of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Booth made the following speech to the boys: "These two gentlemen are from India. Boys, just think how they would take your yelling!" One of the boys replied to him, "Why not ask them to show us some tricks?" Mr. Booth laughed at this and took us inside the Y.M.C.A. He told us, "The New York boys are very naughty, you must not mind them. In Coney Island and other summer resorts, they sometimes come across Hindu magicians. That's why they thought that you too might show them some tricks."

One day I accompanied Dr. E. H. Jenkins, Director of the Connecticut Agricultural Expe-

riment Station at New Haven to Hartford, Conn., to see some tobacco farms in the neighbourhood. The Russo-Japanese War was then drawing to a close, and peace negotiations were going on in the United States between Baron Komura, the Japanese Plenipotentiary and the Russian Envoys. The American newspapers devoted columns after columns to peace negotiations, to Baron Komura and the other envoys. In California and other Western States of America there is a large number of Japanese people, but in Connecticut and other Eastern States the Japanese are seldom seen except in the universities. The generality of the Americans in the east, therefore have very little personal knowledge about the people of the Land of the Rising Sun. The following incident will illustrate the truth of the above statement. Dr. Jenkins and myself took our meals in a hotel of Hartford. My turban attracted the attention of a number of people. After finishing our meals, we went to the drawing room, where I was whiling away my time by reading a newspaper and Dr. Jenkins

was having a chat with some inmates of the hotel. From the expression of his face I could easily make out that he felt quite amused over something, and I came to know from him the cause of it as soon as we left the hotel. He told me that the people in the hotel had taken me for Baron Komura who was then staying somewhere in the east, and several persons had asked him, "Have you got Baron Komura with you?"

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One day when I was in a tram-car in New Haven, a fellow-passenger asked me in Hindusthani if I knew that language, to which, of course, I replied in the affirmative. In course of conversation he told me that he was an Englishman and that his uncle lived in India. Although he had never been there, he had picked up a few words of Hindusthani from books. He further told me that some of the people of the British Empire who were then residing at New Haven had formed themselves into a club called the British Imperial Club, of which he was the President. He invited me to attend the Club one day, and

there I met persons from England, Scotland, Newfoundland, Canada, Wales and other parts of the British Empire. They made me an honorary member of the Club, and took me one Sunday to a place called the White City, which was on the sea-shore, a few miles away from New Haven, and was used as a summer resort. In the summer time the sea-side resorts where there is provision for all sorts of sports and amusements are frequented by the American people in large numbers. At one place are found boys and girls, men and women indulging in baths in the sea ; at another place couples are found to dance to the accompaniment of sweet music ; in the hotels and restaurants there are crowds of people taking their dinners, where clams, oysters, lobsters and sea-fish form the principal items in the menu ; in the amusement halls and other side-shows there are everchanging throngs of merry-makers eager to see moving pictures, jugglery, magic and other performances, and to have their future revealed by palmists and fortune-tellers ; there are various other programmes, *e.g.*, camel rides, aerial

railways, merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, water cascades, shooting galleries, shooting the rapids, Filipino villages, etc., and there is nothing wanting to please the fancy of the old and the young, men and women. We took part in many of these frolics, and sauntered round for a while in this world of gaiety ; we took our dinner in the private room of a hotel, and then had ourselves photographed in a group. After spending a very enjoyable day on the sea-side we returned to New Haven in the evening. I was indeed overwhelmed with delight to find that there was such unity and brotherhood among the people of the British Empire in that far-off land, and that they displayed such fellow-feeling to an Indian student whom they found in their midst.

It is often remarked by strangers that the American woman has a good figure and carries herself well. Much attention is paid to physical culture in the schools and colleges for girls, where they are taught drills and gymnastics, and are given facilities for rowing and various outdoor and indoor games. I had

to spend a few months at Chatham, a small town in Virginia, where there was an institution for girls called the Chatham Episcopal Institute. The girls one day invited me to see a game of basket-ball which they played among themselves. The players were from fourteen to eighteen years of age. Besides the students and the teachers of the Institute, there were various other spectators mostly consisting of the parents, brothers, sisters and friends of the players. When the play commenced I found that the prowess displayed by the girls was in no way inferior to that displayed in games by boy players, and the game played by them was scarcely less exciting and interesting than the most keenly contested games between rival universities. All the time I was wondering what my feelings would be if instead of the game being played in the Campus of the Chatham Episcopal Institute it had been played in the grounds of the Bethune College of Calcutta, and if the players instead of being American girls had been their less heroic sisters of Bengal.

The girls of one party were dressed in red, and those of the other party in yellow. The spectators too showed their sympathies with either of the parties by wearing red or yellow badges. They generally wore the colours of the party in which their daughters, sisters, or friends played. When I started from the hotel to see the game, the question of wearing a badge, however, had not at all arisen in my mind; but as luck would have it, my turban and necktie were both of the yellow colour; and as soon as I entered the basket-ball field the spectators with yellow badges claimed me as one of their own, and one of them pinned on my coat a yellow ribbon like his own. The excitement of the spectators was running high. Their shouts and cheers rent the sky whenever there was any chance of victory on either side, —*the red or the yellow*. At last victory favoured *the yellow*. One young man had come to see the game with great eclat. His trap was decked with a good many red flags; even the driving reins were covered with red paper ribbons. At the end of the game he

went back crestfallen and disheartened. Among the sympathisers of *the yellow*, my poor self was rather conspicuous on account of the yellow turban; the victors, therefore, told me when I congratulated them that it was I who had brought them good luck.

Even the average woman of America is highly educated. The landlady of the lodging house where I stayed in New Haven was a graduate from a girls' college. She had heard lectures of Swami Vivekananda and Rev. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar in America and had gained thereby a little knowledge about India. She one day told me, "It is very hard to pronounce the names of some of your countrymen. The name of Rev. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, for instance, is not so sweet as his speeches. Does not his name sound like a terrible swearing? The name of Swami Vivekananda, on the other hand, is not quite unpronounceable. It is very sonorous and sounds like a sweet lullaby." Another day she told me, "I do not understand why my countrymen spend so much money in sending

missions to your country. If most of the people of your country are as civilized as you are, then in my opinion it is from your people that we have to learn much. You neither smoke nor drink, nor do you rough-house like American students. I wish all my boarders would follow your example and behave like you."

While I was in New Haven, I was invited by the Young Men's Christian Association to the Students' Conference at Northfield, Massachusetts. It was a Christian conference, and was attended by students of different universities and colleges of the United States and Canada. No other student from India was present at the Conference, but there were three students from Japan, one from China, and one from Korea. All the oriental students were accommodated in the same house. It was a boarding house for girls, and was unoccupied at the time, as the girls had gone away on their summer holiday. The American girl who worked as a maid and kept our rooms tidy asked me as soon as she saw me if I was from India. On my

answering in the affirmative she told me that she herself had been in India in her childhood, and that her father was a missionary in Madras. She further told me that she was a self-supporting student in the Girls' Seminary in Northfield, and that she was then earning some money by working in the summer holidays. She was only about eighteen years old; I could not but admire her spirit of self-help. I could vividly picture to my mind the missionary's daughter surrounded by a host of servants in India; but the sight of her now with an apron and a broomstick, maintaining herself and working her way through school with her own unaided resources could not but raise her higher in my estimation.

The few days that I spent at Northfield in the company of the students of the various colleges and universities of America were both delightful and instructive to me. One day I asked the Japanese students what they thought was the chief cause of the advancement of Japan. One of them replied that it was mainly due to the consumption by the Japanese of

large quantities of fish, which supplied phosphorus to their brain. The Chinese and Korean students and myself were rather surprised at this simple answer. It cannot be denied, however, that the long coast-line of Japan gives the people a liberal supply of fish and thus provides them with a more nourishing diet than what is available in many other countries.

One of the speakers at the Conference was Dr. Z., a good Arabic Scholar, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. One afternoon when I was taking a walk, I encountered this gentleman. He took me for an Arabian, and "*A'ssálám álái kom**" was the Arabic greeting with which he opened the conversation with me. Then when he learnt that I was a Hindu not conversant with the Arabic language, he talked to me in English and asked me various questions about India. When in the course of conversation he learnt that I was not a Christian, he said, "I am very pleased that you have been attending this

*God's mercy be on you.

Conference; I hope you will soon embrace Christianity, and on your return to India preach this religion to your countrymen." I told him in reply with perfect candour, "If by Christianity you mean following the precepts of Christ, in that case the people of India are better Christians than many so-called Christians of Christendom; for if there is any country where the people on being smitten on one cheek turn the other cheek as well, that country is India. The occidental civilization is materialistic and objective, ours is spiritualistic and subjective. The main object of Indian students in coming to Europe or America is to learn the agricultural and industrial sciences, sanitation and other matters. The chief problem of India is not the salvation of her people in the next world by evangelisation, but the preservation of their life in the present world by the prevention of famines and pestilences." I found, however, that Dr. Z. was an orthodox Christian; he replied, "The advancement of Japan is principally due to the quickness with which her people have been accepting Christia-

nity. You cannot revive a dormant nation by industries alone, just as you cannot bring life into a dead person by means of electricity."

In Northfield I had also the opportunity of meeting Mr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations which have been established all over the world. Mr. Mott is a wonderful personality, an eloquent speaker, had made tours round the world in connection with his work, and is known everywhere. He is a Cornell man, and so was naturally pleased to hear that I was going to join that University. I had a hearty talk with him in course of which I said, "Apart from what your colleges and factories impart to us in the way of scientific and technical education, we have a great deal to learn from your social life—the equal rights of men and women, and the high qualities of body and mind by which I mean the wonderful activity, discipline, unity, and spirit of self-help which characterize you as a nation; and we can only profit by your examples by coming like the Japanese students in large numbers to

your country, living in your midst and being in direct touch with you. Millions of dollars are spent by the American people for mission work in India. If they really cherish the welfare of our country, the best thing they can do is to enable thousands of our earnest students to come over to America and to help them to solve our poverty problem." Mr. Mott said that he would think over the matter.

When I was at Cornell, Mr. Birendra Chandra Gupta, son of Sir Krishna Gobinda Gupta—late member of the India Council, was a student in the Institute of Technology in Boston. At his request I went early in 1907 to Boston—the great centre of learning in America, and spent a number of days with him seeing the different institutions, *e.g.*, Wellesley Girls' College, Institute of Technology, Emerson College of Oratory, Conservatory of Music, Harvard University, etc. In Boston I met Mrs. Ole Bull, the widow of the world-renowned Norwegian violinist. She was an American lady, and was a great admirer of Swami Vivekananda. At a dinner in her

house, I met a daughter of General Patterson, formerly Consul General for the United States in Calcutta, who had given me some introductory letters when I left India for the States. Miss Patterson was in mourning as General Patterson had died a few days before. She told me that her father had met Swami Vivekananda in America, and that after knowing the Swami he had a great hankering for seeing India, and it was of his own accord that he went to India as Consul General. Mrs. Ole Bull who had travelled in India had opportunities of studying the home life of Indian women. She told me, "I liked very much those ladies of your country who lived in pure Indian style. But I could not understand those Indian ladies who were westernised; they seemed to be restless and discontented with their condition; they had neither the natural simplicity of Indian women, nor the easy freedom of their western sisters. They felt uneasy inspite of the freedom they enjoyed, and they were discontented inspite of the high education they had received." Mrs. Bull

presented me with one of the books of Browning, and gave me letters to her friends Dr. (now Sir) Jagadish Chunder Bose and Sister Nivedita (Miss Margaret Noble) who were then in India, requesting me to see them personally and convey to them her best wishes and regards.*

The Harvard University is situated in a place called Cambridge which is about five miles from Boston. I spent a day at Harvard as the guest of Professor C. R. Lanman, editor of the Harvard Oriental Series, and the greatest Sanskrit scholar in America. The Professor showed me his collection of books and curios, among which I noticed a leaf of the holy *peepul* tree (*Ficus Religiosa*) which exists on the spot where Buddha was in meditation for several years. The leaf properly dried and mounted, was hung up in a glass frame on the wall of his library.

*In February 1908 I met all the three friends together in the house of Dr. Bose in London. It is a matter of deep sorrow that both Mrs. Ole Bull and Sister Nivedita—two great lovers and well-wishers of India—are no longer in the land of the living.

Professor Lanman presented to me one of the books of the Harvard Oriental Series, *viz.*, “The Little Clay Cart” translated from the original Sanskrit by Arthur William Ryder, PH.D., Instructor in Sanskrit in Harvard University. In presenting the book, the Professor wrote the following kind words: “To Indu Bhushan De Majumdar in kind remembrance of his visit at Harvard University, February 6, 1907, from the Editor C. R. Lanman.” He casually remarked in the course of conversation that the people of England and America cannot pronounce Sanskrit correctly like the Hindus. To illustrate the truth of his statement he tried to pronounce the Sanskrit word *nimittam*, but could not utter the letter *t* as correctly as I did, and failed to give it the soft sound which it has in Sanskrit.

I do not know who was the first Indian student to go over to the United States for purposes of studies. The Mahratta lady Anandabai Joshi was, however, one of the pioneers. We find in her biography by Mrs. Caroline Healy Dall that she was the first

Indian girl to land in the United States, and that she went to America in the company of some American ladies at the age of eighteen, with the permission of her husband, to study the medical science. She was born in 1865, and was married in her ninth year; she came to America in 1883, got the Degree of Doctor of Medicine from Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1886, returned to India as an invalid in the same year, and died in 1887. In the same biography mention is made of the stay in America of Anandabai's husband Gopal Vinayak Joshi and his friend Mr. Sathe in the years 1884 and 1885. It is also stated there that Pandita Ramabai, who was a relative of Anandabai Joshi paid a visit to America in 1886 in accordance with the request of Anandabai. I do not know if there were other Indians in America at their time or before. It may, however, be safely asserted that the Indians who were the first to go to America were—most of them—students of Homœopathy. In the years 1892 and 1893 several representatives of Hinduism, Buddhism, Brahmaism and other

faiths paid visits to America from India and Ceylon in connection with the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. After this Vedanta Societies were started in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other cities where some colleagues of Swami Vivekananda have been teaching Vedanta to the American people.

Formerly students from India usually went to Great Britain for the prosecution of their studies, but at the time when I was in the States several Indian students were studying Agriculture, Engineering and other technical subjects in America and Japan. Some were scholars of the Government of Bengal, of the Association for the Advancement of Scientific and Industrial Education of Indians, and of Baroda, Mysore and other Indian States. Others were self-supporting, and maintained themselves and defrayed their college expenses like many American and Japanese students by waiting on tables, by working in farms, and by various other kinds of manual labour in their spare times and during the summer holidays. It was indeed quite hard for Indian students of

respectable families and high castes to take recourse to menial work which they were not accustomed to in India. But the spirit of self-help and democracy which was engendered in them is a great gain and acquisition both to them and to their country, and thoroughly equips them for the struggle for existence in advanced life. In recent times students from the Indian aristocracy also joined American universities instead of going to Oxford and Cambridge. A son of His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda was a student of Harvard, and Maharajkumar Victor N. Narayan of Cooch Behar a student of Cornell.

Blessed is the country which has produced statesmen like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln; philosophers like Ralph Waldo Emerson and William James; self-made men like Benjamin Franklin, James Garfield and Booker T. Washington; orators like Daniel Webster and William Jennings Bryan; political thinkers like Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson; humorists like Washington Irving and Mark Twain; and scientists like

Thomas Edison and Graham Bell. Blessed are the people who in the course of only four hundred years converted a continent from the state of wilderness into a conglomeration of flourishing cities and ports, and who although the youngest of nations have now come to the fore-front in wealth, in knowledge, and in power. The light of civilisation rose in the east, then slowly travelled to the west, and is now coming back reflected to the east. The larger the number of Indian students going to America to have their visions enlarged and to have themselves thoroughly equipped for service to India, the more will be the gain to our mother country.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMINISCENCES OF A DEAD TOWN.

The silent clock—"Dis is plain watah, sah"—More spittoons than chairs—The man in the lobby—Tobacco as perfume—"Yes, sir-r-r"—Wonderful faculty of hiding genius—Only flies and frogs alive in the dead town—Yellow pigment manufactured in the mouth factories.

The area of the United States is two times and a half that of India, and the population is about a hundred millions. It is not, therefore, proper to expect that the conditions would be the same everywhere, and that even the remote regions of the country would show a high standard of perfection. In this chapter I shall narrate my reminiscences of a very small town in the undeveloped regions of the States, where I had to go on business. In America the Quaker City of Philadelphia is called a 'dead city' on account of its dullness. I never visited Philadelphia, but the small place which I visited appeared to me to be quite a dead

town, in contrast with the great centres of activities which I had left behind.

There was no din or tumult of traffic, no sound of electric cars, no incessant rattle of carriages and automobiles as in big cities and towns. It was about midday. There was a clock in the drawing room of the hotel where I stayed; I looked at it, the hands indicated half-past six; apparently they did not move. Everything in that dead town was dead-quiet; and so the clock in harmony with the general silence did not tick.

I proceeded to write a letter, but I found that the writing table was supported on three long legs and a short one. It was impossible for me to write and at the same time keep the table from shaking, so I laid down my pen in a spirit of resignation. Then I began to pace to and fro in the room, but the wooden floor began to shake from end to end. In my despair I took my seat in the chair again. It was a rocking chair,—at least it pretended to be one,—but I sat still without venturing to indulge in the luxury of rocking, for there was

the double danger of the floor and the chair both giving way at any moment. "This State is an old one in this New World," thought I, "the buildings at least, if not anything else, bear testimony to her hoary age and antiquity." But before I could finish philosophising thus, I heard the sound of heavy footsteps and the creaking of the floor above. The danger of having my neck broken and of being crushed by the floor falling from above became imminent indeed. I trembled at the thought that if this actually happened, what a bereavement it would be to my own people on the other side of the globe! I did not, however, lose my presence of mind ; I ran out of the room, and cautiously crept down the tottering staircase until I found myself perfectly safe and out of danger in the open street under the canopy of heaven. Shortly after, the lunch bell rang and I went into the dining room. The negro waiter poured some red liquid into my glass. I told him that I would just have some plain water, and that I did not care for any other drink. He replied, pointing at the red liquid,

“Dis is plain watah, sah ; from de well, sah.” The hotel was the best one in that town of a thousand souls, but the quality of the food-stuffs on the table was quite in keeping with the red beverage. Anyhow I finished my dinner and came to the lobby, which I found was equipped with more embellishments for spitting than for sitting. If there were a dozen chairs, there were two dozen spittoons, decorating both sides of the chairs. There was only one man in the lobby besides myself. He was about fifty years old, and was corpulent and short in stature. He was dressed in typical summer style—black alpaca coat, light trousers, tan shoes, and a panama straw hat,—with only this peculiarity that he did not wear any belt or braces for his pair of trousers, which remained of themselves tightly fixed round his capacious waist. It seemed that he used tobacco as a perfume, and smelt of it from head to foot. He was expectorating and chewing, and chewing and expectorating, only relieving the monotony by sometimes making a variety in the use of tobacco, that is, by smoking.

It was he who first broke the silence by asking me the same old American questions in the same old American style, "Well, stranger, how long have you been in this country? How do you like this country?" While asking these questions, he seemed to fire an honorary salute of tobacco juice in my direction.* I dodged with some alarm the threatening honour, and replied to his question. He offered me a cigar, which, being a non-smoker, I was obliged to decline with thanks. Finding him sociable, I talked to him on various topics, partly to beguile the time, and partly to enlarge the stock of my knowledge; but I almost invariably received from him the same old answer, "Yes, sir-r," the *r* being often rolled by way of emphasis. From my experience, not only of him, but also of several others, I was many a time led to think that the conversational power of an ordinary uncultured man in that part was limited to the four words "yes" and "no" and "sir" and "ma-am."

*With apologies to Charles Dickens. The writer is indebted to his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* for some of the expressions used in this chapter

This is how the conversation went on between myself and the gentleman in the lobby :

Myself. "I notice people do a great deal of riding in this part of the country."

He. "Yes, sir."

Myself. "This is an agricultural place, and I suppose tobacco is the main industry."

He. "Yes, sir."

While talking he was, of course, making frequent use of his toothpick and his spittoon, but the mention of tobacco brought lustre to his eyes, and infused enthusiasm in his system, and gave additional power of chewing to the muscles of his mouth. The spirit of patriotism began to run high in him, and he lost no time in paying homage to his Mother State by paying homage to her principal product. He began to spit and chew and chew and spit with tenfold vigour, and I began to fear that the spittoons on both the sides of his chair would soon be overflowed.

Thinking now that perhaps some other topics besides horses and agriculture might

make him more eloquent than he had hitherto been, I asked him, "Your State is one of the oldest in the Union, is she not?"

He replied. "Yes, sir-r. I reckon she is."

Myself. "And the people here mostly descended from the pioneers?"

He. "Yes, sir-r-r."

The thought of the old age and the aristocratic origin of his State perhaps made him feel a little dignified and important, at least it made him look so, and he rolled his *r* with greater emphasis than before. He now seemed to be absorbed in meditating on the glories of his State, and maintained a silent philosophical attitude. But his philosophy did not leak out much, by no means through his conversation. If he had any genius in himself, he had at the same time a wonderful faculty of hiding it from others.

Thinking that the conversational power of the gentleman must have been heavily taxed by this time, I desisted from trying to find out if his vocabulary consisted of more words than "yes" and "sir", and took my leave of

him, especially because the spittoons were by this time inundated on account of the constant shower of yellow rain; and although I always tried to dodge whenever he fired in my direction, yet every now and then I found myself favoured with the sprinklings of his ambrosia, not only on my coat and trousers, but also on my face. I went into my room, washed my face, and began to read a book and thus spend my time in the company of a dead absent master-mind, failing to get any response from the living and the present ones of that dead town.

The temperature in my room was about 95° F. I opened my windows in the hope of getting some fresh air, but the flies began to come in battalions and tease my poor life out of me; so I closed the shutters again. I thought if the men of the town did not show any sign of life, the flies were very much alive indeed; and this I found to be true during my evening walk in the case of frogs also. I could not proceed a single step without almost running in danger of treading upon some of

those frolicking creatures. At the sound of my footsteps they began to jump into the bushes from every conceivable corner of the sidewalk. There was no theatre or opera house in that dead town, but the free concert of the toads made up for the want of any performance of human musicians.

The toilette room of the hotel next attracted my attention. Strangely enough there were no spittons there as in the lobby. The walls of the rooms of the hotel were all whitewashed, but the walls of the toilette room were washed not white but yellow by the voluntary contributions of the copious showers of tobacco-pigment manufactured in the mouth factories of the inmates of the hotel. Not only that, but there were writings on the wall in poetry and in prose giving vent to some of the carnal propensities of the mind, the like of which I had never seen in America before. I was thinking of taking off my coat and hanging it on a peg, but I reflected on the fresh deposit of yellow paint on the wall and changed my mind. I proceeded to shut the door, but

I failed as the door was not meant to be shut. I could not but praise in my mind the skill of the carpenter whose genius was brought into requisition for its construction.

The next morning I availed myself of the earliest train, and left the dead town more dead than alive.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

Discovery of Cuba—Hatuey—Slave Trade—President Gomez—Relations of the United States with Cuba—Monroe Doctrine—Mr. Grant Duff—Exhaustion of the supply of post cards—"Every Cuban seems to be a born politician"—Cost of living—The Nacional—The Prado—The Students' Monument.

The people of India know very little about the Island of Cuba, although they are familiar with the names of the West Indies and Havana. Cuba is the largest island of the West Indies, and Havana is the capital of Cuba. The best cigars of the world are manufactured in Cuba, and are popularly known as "Havana cigars." Maharajkumar Victor N. Narayan of Cooch Behar and myself spent a few months in Cuba with the object of studying the culture and curing of tobacco. Cuba was under American protection for a number of years, so a few words about the island will perhaps not be out of place in this book about America.

The islands that are bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are called the West Indies or the Antilles. Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti and Jamaica are the largest of the group. Jamaica forms part of the British Empire, Porto Rico is under the United States, Cuba is a republic, and there are two republics in the island of Haiti. As Cuba is the largest of them all, she is called "the Queen of the Antilles." She is 750 miles in length, and 43,000 sq. miles in area; her population is more than 2,000,000.

Columbus discovered Cuba on October 28, 1492. He first thought it was the island of Japan (Cipango), and then he thought it was the country of China (Cathay). On that supposition he despatched messengers to the interior of the island to negotiate with the Chinese Emperor. The messengers came upon a village of about fifty huts and a population of about a thousand people; and instead of meeting an Asiatic monarch, came across a naked savage chieftain. Great was the disappointment of Columbus, therefore, when he

got the report of the envoys. The island was called Cubanacan by the aboriginal inhabitants ; from that word is derived the present name of Cuba.

Columbus did not make any settlement in Cuba, he only discovered the island. The first white colony was formed in the year 1511, when Velasquez landed in Cuba and subdued the native chieftain Hatuey who had fled from Haiti to Cuba to avoid the persecution of the Spaniards. The story of Hatuey deserves mention. When Hatuey learnt that his persecutors were following him to Cuba, he assembled all his subjects together, and told them of the atrocities committed by the Spaniards at Haiti. He said that they worshipped a kind of God whom it was very difficult to propitiate, and for whose worship the Spaniards would exact from them vast treasures, which if they failed to supply, they would either be made slaves or put to death by the Spaniards. Saying this he took a box full of gold and jewels, and exposing it to the view of all continued saying, "Here is the God of the Spaniards. If we keep this God

till he is taken away from us, he will certainly cause our death. The best course, therefore, will be to throw him into the river." The followers applauded this proposal, and the box with the gold and jewels was in no time cast into the river.

After this the Spaniards captured Hatuey and burned him alive. Before his death, a Franciscan Friar took pity on him, and gave him a sermon about God and the Catholic Faith and said that he would go to Heaven if he believed in Christianity, and suffer eternal torment in Hell if he died an infidel. Hatuey asked the Friar whether the Gate of Heaven was open to Spaniards, and being answered that the good ones among them were sure to go to Heaven, Hatuey told him plainly that he would rather go to Hell than live in Heaven in the troublesome company of the Spaniards.

Many of the readers must have read Prescott's *March to Mexico*. Hernan Cortes, the commander of the expedition was Mayor of Santiago de Cuba, and in the year 1518 he sailed from that port of Cuba for the conquest of

Mexico. Some historians are of opinion that the population of Cuba at the time when Columbus discovered the island was more than a million. The aboriginal inhabitants gradually died out under the oppression of the Spaniards. Slave Trade was introduced in Cuba in 1521, and the negroes were brought as slaves from Africa for the cultivation of crops. The system of slavery was, however, finally abolished from the island in 1887.

Next to England, Spain was the greatest colonising country. At one time Cuba, Porto Rico, and a few other islands of the West Indies, Mexico in Central America, Argentina and other countries in South America formed part of the Spanish possessions : as Canada, Newfoundland, Newzealand, Australia and other English colonies now form part of the British Empire. But the great oppression of the Spanish people, and their mistaken colonial policy cost Spain all her American colonies. Porto Rico is now in possession of the United States ; while Cuba, Mexico, Argentina, and other colonies are under the republican form of

government. Argentina, Mexico, and other colonies threw off the yoke of Spain long ago; Cuba declared her independence in the year 1902. There were, however, two revolutions in Cuba before that year. The first revolution lasted for ten years from 1868 to 1878, and the second revolution began in 1895. The United States, having shewed her sympathy with Cuba by supplying rations, etc., got entangled into a war with Spain in the year 1898. By the Treaty of Paris signed on the 10th of December of that year, Spain relinquished the island to the United States in trust for its inhabitants. Spanish authority ceased on the 1st of January, 1899, and was followed by American Military Rule which lasted till the 20th May, 1902. During these three years much was done for public works, sanitation, the reform of administration, civil service and education. The republican form of government was declared in Cuba at the end of the American Military Rule, and Tomas Estrada Palma was elected the first President of the Republic. In less than five years, that is, on

the 28th September, 1906, President Palma,—betrayed by friends, and beset by enemies,—thrust into American hands again the control of government he declared himself unable to maintain. On the 28th of January, 1909, the American administration ceased, and the Republic was a second time inaugurated in Cuba, with Jose Miguel Gomez as President. We went to Cuba a fortnight after the inauguration.

The islands of the West Indies, from their local position are natural appendages to the North American continent, and of these Cuba, almost in sight of the shores of the United States, from a multitude of considerations became an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests of the Union. In April, 1823, Secretary Adams sent a long communication from the Department of State, Washington, D.C., to the American Minister to Spain, in which he says, "The commanding position of Cuba with reference to the Gulf of Mexico and the West India seas; the character of its population; its situation

midway between our southern coast and the island of St. Domingo; its safe and capacious harbour of the Havana, fronting a long line of our shores destitute of the same advantage; the nature of its productions and of its wants, furnishing the supplies and needing the returns of a commerce immensely profitable and mutually beneficial,—give it an importance in the sum of our national interests with which that of no other foreign country can be compared, and little inferior to that which binds the different members of this Union together. Such, indeed, are the interests of that island and of this country, the geographical, commercial, moral, and political relations, that, in looking forward to the probable course of events, for the short period of half a century, it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself.”

Both Great Britain and France had their eyes on Cuba, and so in December of that year (1823), President Monroe issued his famous

message, which is known in American history as the "Monroe Doctrine." The message says, "In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected. We owe it, therefore, to candour and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers (of Europe) to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments that have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have recognized, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their

destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.”

In 1854 there being some dissension of the United States with Spain regarding commerce with Cuba, it was recommended in a conference of some American Ambassadors in Europe that an earnest effort be immediately made by the United States to purchase Cuba from Spain, and that the sum of one hundred and twenty million dollars be offered. The report proceeded thus : “After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question, does Cuba in the possession of Spain seriously endanger our internal peace and the existence of our cherished Union? Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then, by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain if we possess the power; and this upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbour if there were no other means

of preventing the flame from destroying his own home.”

The subsequent relations of the United States with Cuba, and the end of the American Provisional Administration in 1909 (when the affairs of the island were turned over to the Cuban Republic) were discussed before. There is no parallel in the world's history of the noble example set by the United States in evacuating Cuba after establishing peace in the island, when she could have easily annexed her to the Union.

Having given a short historical sketch of Cuba, I shall now proceed to narrate my impressions about the country. Starting from New York we reached Havana on the 16th of February, 1909. We were met on board the steamer as soon as we reached Havana harbour by Mr. Grant Duff, the representative of the British Government in Cuba, and Mr. Crawley, Director of the Cuban Agricultural Experiment Station. Mr. Grant Duff is the son of Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff, who was the Governor of Madras Presidency. Mr. Duff

took us ashore in his launch, and saw us to Hotel Sevilla, a very up-to-date hotel which was opened only two months and a half before we landed.

The first thing that amazed me in Havana was that I could not procure any post cards either in the hotel or in the Main Post Office, which was near by. Stamps could be had, but regarding post cards I was told by the people of the Post Office that they were being printed, and that they would be available in the course of a few days. An American gentleman was also on the look out for post cards. He said in a patronising way that as the new Republic was only about a fortnight old, some time would undoubtedly be required to put things in order; and that the eyes of the whole world were directed to this baby Republic to see if it could get along without the help of the United States. While coming back to the hotel from the Post Office I found that a Cuban who was reading a newspaper sold it to another man on the completion of his reading. The American gentleman went on saying to me "Reading of newspapers

is a great mania with the Cubans. When one man finishes reading his paper, he sells it to another at half price. There have been so many riots, revolts, and revolutions during the Spanish Regime that the people all like to dabble in politics, and every Cuban seems to be a born politician."

The population of Havana is more than 300,000. Daily papers, as well as weeklies and monthlies are published in this city both in English and Spanish. If the civilization of a country is to be measured by the number of newspapers there, then it must be held that Cuba occupies a high place in the civilized world. Not only Havana, but even small towns of 10,000 souls like Pinar del Rio have daily papers of their own. The high cost of living is also indicative of the wealth of Cuba. The cost of having one's shoes brushed is one pice or half a cent in India, in England it is a penny or two cents, in the United States and Cuba it is five cents. In other items also the costs of living in Cuba are just as high as in the United States. The inroad of rich American tourists

in Cuba is one of the factors in the rise of prices.

In the centre of Havana there is a park called Parque* Central, in the vicinity of which the principal theatres and hotels are located. The largest theatre of Havana is the Nacional.† The history of its construction is quite interesting. At the time of Tacon, who was the Governor of Cuba from 1834 to 1838, a man of the name of Marti was the most notorious among the smugglers and pirates who infested the island and its neighbourhood. He was declared to be an outlaw, and a price was set upon his body, dead or alive.

Some time after the announcement of the reward for the capture of Marti, a man was hidden a little before midnight behind a statue in the park in front of the Governor's palace. The night was dark and cloudy. Two sentinels were pacing backward and forward before the main gate of the palace, meeting each other at the gate and then turning their backs towards

*Spanish for 'park'

†Spanish for 'national.'

each other when they separated. The man was carefully watching their movements, and once when they moved away from each other, and had their eyes turned away from the gate, he availed himself of the opportunity, and without being observed, with great quickness effected his entrance into the palace compound. There was another guard at the head of the stairs of the palace, but the intruder offered a salute in the style of a military officer, and passed forward without giving rise to the least suspicion in the mind of the guard about his right of entrance. He then boldly entered the room where the Governor was seated alone, and shut the door behind him. Tacon was, of course, surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger without any previous announcement. The visitor at first did not reveal who he was, but said that he knew the present whereabouts of Marti, and that he would deliver him to the Governor, if the latter would give him protection and the promised reward. Tacon gave his word of honour, on which the stranger announced that he himself was the outlaw

Marti. The astonishment of Tacon knew no bounds, but he kept his promise. With the help of Marti, the other pirates and smugglers were captured, and a great amount of money and property which were found in their depots were secured by the Government. In accordance with the prayer of Marti, he was granted the exclusive right to sell fish in Havana, in lieu of the amount of reward promised by the Government, on condition that he would have a public market constructed in stone at his own cost, which should be Government property at the end of a certain number of years, when his monopoly would also cease. On becoming immensely rich by the fishery rights, Marti secured the monopoly of the theatre business in Havana, on condition that he would build one of the largest and finest theatres in the world. The Nacional was the outcome of that agreement. At the time of our presence in Havana, we found that this theatre was given the third place in the world in a guide-book of Cuba. It had accommodation for more than three thousand people.

Celebrities of the theatrical world like Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin had trodden the boards of the stage of the Nacional and singers like Tetrizzini and Madame Patti had filled the dome with their voices. The system of selling tickets in Cuban theatres is peculiar. The performances mostly consist of Vaudevilles and Variety Entertainments, and the audience may buy tickets for any of the parts of the programme between intervals, instead of having to pay for the whole programme as in other countries.

One of the chief attractions of Havana is the Prado, which consists of a central promenade avenue lined with seats, and a drive on each side from Parque Central to the sea-front, where at La Punta it meets the Malecon, which is the driveway on the sea-shore. The Prado is the pride of Cuba, and it beats even the Boulevards of Paris. Cuban bands play in the Malecon and the Parque Central on certain days of the week. A large crowd of people usually meet in the Malecon in the evenings to hear the band and to enjoy the pure sea-breeze.

A very cruel incident occurred at La Punta during the Spanish regime. Forty-two Medical students of the University of Havana were accused of desecrating the tomb in Espada Cemetery of a Spanish journalist killed by a Cuban in a fight in Key West over political matters. They were tried by court-martial, and eight of them were shot dead at La Punta on November 27, 1871, and the remainder sentenced to imprisonment for life. All of these, however, were shortly relieved, for no sooner had the moment's fit of madness passed than Spain showed herself anxious to repair as far as possible the awful damage done. Later evidence indicated that there was only a demonstration by the students, but no desecration of the vault. At its worst, a mild form of punishment would have been enough to meet the ends of justice. This incident is often cited by the Cubans to show the great oppression they had to undergo during the Spanish regime. The Cubans are the descendants of the Spanish settlers in Cuba, and if such was the treatment received by the

Cubans from their mother country, it is no wonder that they followed the example of the other Spanish colonies, and established a republican form of government after shaking off the yoke of Spain.

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES—*Continued.*

Winter Paradise—The Carnival—Confetti and serpentinas—The Danzon—"Mañana" and "Quien Sabe"—The Land of Mañana—The Larrañaga Cigar Company—The royal palm—Limonada and orangida—"Vin rouge ou vin blanc?"—Roasted plantains—Arroz con pollo—Flower girls—Luis Marx's plantation—Two stories about hospitality—Importance of the Spanish language—Spanish standard of beauty—Mixture of races—Mulatto, quadroon and octoroon—Reversion to the original type—Two Indians in Cuba—Cock-fight—Jai Alai.

Cuba's tourist season begins in November and ends in April. During these months the mean temperature ranges between 76 degrees for the hottest day and 71 degrees for the coldest. The climate is perfectly cool at night, and conducive to restful sleep. Cuba is quite delightful in winter, hence she is called the Winter Paradise.

There is one special annual event in Cuba

that deserves particular mention, and that is the Carnival, which begins by the end of February and lasts four or five weeks, on every Sunday of which Cuba is given over to the most wholesome spirit of merriment. The following is a short description of the Carnival at Havana given in a guide-book of Cuba : “Masked and variously costumed parties, men and women, youths and maidens in allegorical floats, in coaches, automobiles, ox-carts, and every other available vehicle, on horseback and afoot, parade up and down the Prado and along the Malecon, throwing ‘confetti’ and ‘serpentinās’ in mad profusion at the thousands looking on from sidewalks and balconies of houses, who, in turn, reply in similar fashion. ‘Confetti’ are small, round, and sometimes crescent-shaped pieces of paper of various colours which are thrown by handfuls at the passers-by and *vice versa*, and the ‘serpentinās’ are paper ribbons several yards in length, also of various colours, sold in little spools, which upon being thrown with one end of the ribbon held in the hand unwinds as it

courses through the air to the object at which it is aimed. The spirit of merriment is everywhere rampant, and everybody does all in his power to add to the merrymaking. This goes on for four or five Sundays, each Sunday's celebration differing from the others, in costumes worn and the character and significance of the parades. Several prizes are offered by the Municipality for the most artistic float, automobile, coach, etc., and a great interest is evinced in this feature of the Carnival."

Those who have read *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexandre Dumas have got an idea of the Carnival of Rome. The Carnival at Havana is almost the same on a smaller scale. The Queen of the Carnival is chosen from thousands of girls working in the cigar factories at Havana. She presides over all the festivities, becomes the idol of everybody, and receives the homage of all, many of the young gallants of Havana mounted on special steeds accompanying the regal float as escorts during the Sunday parades. Boat-races in the harbour, automobile-races on the Malecon, flower

festivals, etc., are held at Carnival time. There are also some public dances in the Nacional, which is converted into a dancing hall by removing the chairs in the pit. "These dances are of a vulgar character, and many tourists attend them in hopes of seeing things really wicked."

The Danzon is the national dance of the Cubans, as well as other people of Spanish origin, just as the Waltz is the national dance in European countries and the Two-Step in America. The Danzon is rather a sensuous dance, and is much slower than the Two-Step. We spent a few days at Pinar del Rio, a town of more than 10,000 people, situated in the centre of the Vuelta Abajo region of Cuba, where the best cigar-tobacco of the world is produced. Here also the festivities of the carnival had been going on. We had to attend a dance there at the request of the Mayor of the town, and the Governor of the Province of Pinar del Rio, of which the town was the capital. At the dance there was only one American girl, —Miss Holmes, the daughter of a tobacco-

grower, whose plantation was in the neighbourhood of the town. The Cuban girls to whom we were introduced, and with whom we danced talked to us in Spanish, and we expressed ourselves partly in Spanish, of which we got a smattering, and partly in English, and when we could not make ourselves understood by words, we took recourse to gestures, and when that even failed, Miss Holmes came to our rescue. We do not know how far we understood each other's language, but that did not matter;—there was no respite in our dancing, and there was no respite in our talk; the time passed very pleasantly indeed. At about one o'clock in the morning, when Prince Victor and myself were feeling drowsy, and were about to leave the dancing hall, the Cuban band struck up the British national anthem, "God save the King"; and we two sons of the British Empire raised our hats in salutation, and bid good bye to our hosts. From the road as we were driving to the hotel, we could again hear the music of the Danzon, and we learnt the next day that the Carnival dance lasted all the night.

“Mañana” and “Quien Sabe” are two expressions very often heard in Cuba. The former means “to-morrow” and the latter “who knows?” As the Cubans do not *hurry and hustle* like the Americans, and as they leave every thing for to-morrow, Cuba is called the “Land of Mañana” by the American people. The Cubans may appear inactive and dilatory in comparison with the go-ahead and the ever-pushing people of the States; but they are not less energetic than the people of Spain, Greece, Italy and other temperate countries of Southern Europe. There is a story about the words “Mañana” and “Quien Sabe.” When an American tourist who did not know a word of Spanish came to Havana, those two expressions often resounded in his ears. He, therefore thought that “Mañana” and “Quien Sabe” must be the names of two of the greatest men of the island. He, however soon got sick of them, as he constantly heard them repeated in every body’s mouth. One day he saw an imposing funeral procession passing through one of the principal streets of Havana. Pointing

at the coffin, he asked in English a passer-by in the street, "Could you please tell me, who is dead?" The person interrogated was a Cuban who could not talk English. He, however, understood what the American asked, and replied in Spanish, "Quien Sabe?" (who knows?) The American was so very pleased to hear this news, that he cried out in ecstasy, "I am delighted to hear of the death of 'Quien Sabe'; I wish that d—'Mañana' were also dead!"

The easy-going nature of the Cubans was also manifest to me from the following incident. A few days after landing in Havana, I was going with a Cuban friend to a place in the vicinity of the city. We took a car, and soon came to the suburbs, where it stopped near a cafe to take some passengers. The day was a very hot one; the Cuban friend requested me to get down and take some drinks in the cafe. I told him that in that case we would have to wait for another car. The Cuban friend, however, requested the conductor to wait for us till we finished and assured me that the car

would not leave without us. When I found that the car was actually waiting, I began to finish my drink in one gulp, but my Cuban friend asked me not to hurry. This state of things could never be imagined in India, much less in the United States. I think, however, that this indicates the good nature of the Cubans, much more than their easy-going ways.

The Cubans are a very hospitable people. The proprietors of all the tobacco plantations that we visited entertained us with sumptuous dinners. The Larrañaga Cigar Company is a very old one in Havana. The proprietors one day took us to their factory, and showed us round. They presented a beautiful wooden case containing several hundred choicest Havana cigars to Prince Victor. The present was worth several hundred dollars. Prince Victor very much appreciated it, and sent it as a birthday present to his father.

Cuba is very rich in natural scenery. Columbus appears to have been greatly impressed by the beauty of the island. It broke upon him like an elysium. In the words of



A group taken in the premises of the Por Larrainaga Cigar Factory, Havana. The figures beginning from the left are Don Antonio J. Rivero—the senior proprietor of the firm, Prince Victor N. Narayan, I. B. De Majumdar, and Don Ricardo Rivero—the junior proprietor of the firm.

Columbus, "It is the most beautiful island eyes have ever seen." Cuba is the original home of the bottle-palm, where it grows wild. Those who have seen the bottle-palm avenue in the Royal Botanical Garden at Sibpur near Calcutta must have felt what an enchanting scene it is! In Cuba those palms are so abundant that their seeds are used as a food for fattening pigs. The bottle-palm on account of its splendid beauty is also known by the name of "royal palm." It is the most conspicuous of all the trees of the island. It not only adds to the beauty of the landscape, but it also serves a variety of useful purposes. The stem is used as timber in the building of cottages, the leaves are used as thatching for the roof, and the roots have medicinal value. Plates, buckets, basins, and even kettles for boiling water are made from different parts of the tree.

Pine-apples, cocoanuts, lemons, oranges, guavas, mangoes and other fruits are grown in the island in large quantities. The delicious lime juice that we drink in India in the hot weather is made from West Indian limes.

Lemonade, orangeade and other similar drinks in Cuba are prepared from fresh fruits. These drinks are not stored up in bottles as in India. In the cafes of Cuba, if you ask for a *limonada* (lemonade), the juice from a fresh lemon will be extracted by a fruit-press, and served to you after being mixed with a proper quantity of water and sugar. *Orangida* (orangeade) will be similarly prepared from the juice of fresh oranges. In preparing the drink from pine-apples, no water is required, as the juice of a single fruit is sufficient to fill a glass. Pine-apple juice served with ice is called in Spanish *piña fria*; and sherbet prepared from tamarind is called *tamarinda*. The cafes of Cuba which are crowded in the summer remind one of the boulevards of Paris. Most of the Cubans, however, indulge in soft drinks unlike the people of Paris. Havana is called Petit Paris (Little Paris) on account of its gaiety and resemblance in many respects to the French metropolis; but the Cubans do not drink in excess like the Parisians who seldom quench their thirst with water—the nature's beverage.

I very well remember that when I was taking my first meal in Paris, the French waiter without asking me beforehand what I would have for drink at once interrogated me, "*Vin rouge ou vin blanc?*" (Red wine or white wine?) I felt ashamed to ask for plain water; I, therefore ordered for *limonad* (lemonade), which was available there. When I had to pay a franc or ten pence for a glass of lemonade, and the other man at my table paid only four pence for a cup of champagne, I felt a little despondent, and thought that if I had to live in France for a number of days, although I was an absolute teetotaler, I would have to take to drinking at least for the sake of economy!

Bananas (*Musa Sapientum*) and plantains (*Musa Paradisiaca*) are extensively grown throughout the island. As in India, the banana is used as a fruit and the plantain as a vegetable. The latter is peeled, roasted in hot ashes, and eaten with butter when quite warm, and as it is quite rich in starch, it is often used as bread in Cuban households. On one occasion, while visiting the farm of a poor

Cuban, who was not prepared for our visit, we were requested to share the victuals at his table, as there was no hotel in the neighbourhood, and as it was high time for lunch. The farmer used to raise chickens; some of these were roasted in our honour. There was, however, no bread in the farmer's house, but that did not matter,—he used to grow plantains in his farm, and the roasted plantains when served on the table were found to be a delicious substitute for bread. We were very tired that morning, and had a good appetite, so we relished this simple meal more than a dinner in the Waldorf Astoria of New York.

The islands both of the East and the West Indies are generally found to be very fertile. In Cuba too, which is one of those islands, on account of the great fertility of the land, agriculture is the main occupation of the people. There are mines of copper, iron, and kerosene in the island. Gold and silver have also been found, but they have never appeared in quantities sufficient to warrant their exploitation. Of the field crops grown in Cuba, sugarcane

occupies the first and tobacco the second place. There are several factories for the manufacture of sugar, and we had an opportunity of minutely seeing the working of one of them.

Rice is the principal food of the Cubans; but it is mostly imported from other countries, only a small quantity of paddy being grown in Cuba. *Arroz con pollo* which is a preparation of rice, chicken and tomato is a favourite dish of the Cubans. Prince Victor and myself being from Bengal are great rice-eaters; so we naturally liked this Spanish dish *arroz con pollo*, and did not miss it at a single meal. The Cuban waiter found out our partiality to rice in a couple of days, and so he used to offer us the Spanish dish more than once at a single meal, and we did not fail to do justice to it. The guava jelly of Cuba was also a favourite dessert of ours. We never tasted better jelly anywhere else.

When we took our meals in the morning, a Cuban girl used to make her appearance with a basket of flowers, and sold us boquets at ten cents each. She used to remind us of the

blind flower-girl in *The Last Days of Pompeii* and "Rajani" in Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's Bengali novel of that name. There was no way of avoiding her. Even when we did not want to buy any flower, she would pin up bouquets in our button-holes, so that there was no other alternative than to pay for them. The flower-girls are a special feature of Havana. Those who have seen the play *In Havana* in the United States, England or elsewhere must have got some idea about them.

Mr. Luis Marx, a well-known millionaire in Cuba one day took us to his tobacco plantation at Alquizar, a few miles away from Havana. Mr. Marx had some tobacco business in the States also. His plantation was the best in Cuba, and we never came across a prettier and more well arranged tobacco farm. There was a two-storied building in the plantation, where he entertained us with a sumptuous lunch. When it was being served Mr. Marx told us the following tale: Mr. D——, an American gentleman very well-known in commercial circles, and Mrs. D—— twice



[Photo by the

A group taken at the residence of Mr Holmes, Pinar del Rio. The figures on the left are a young American, a farm assistant, the Mayor of Pinar, Mr Holmes, Miss Holmes, Mrs Holmes, I. B. De Mayumdar, and the Secretary to the Governor of Pinar del Rio. (Vide p. 228.)



[Photo by the

visited the tobacco plantation where we were ; and Mr. Marx on both the occasions gave them lunches in the same building. On the first occasion, he had a peacock roasted in their honour. Mrs. D—— was quite delighted to taste that delicacy, and so when she came to Cuba the second time, in course of conversation with Mr. Marx, she spoke highly of peacock's meat which she had tasted before. Under the circumstances Mr. Marx wished to have another peacock roasted in honour of his guests on the occasion of the second lunch he gave to them. As luck would have it, no peacock was available at the time. But Mr. Marx was a man not to give way ; his wonderful tact solved the difficulty. It is very difficult to distinguish the difference between the meat of a peacock and that of a turkey as both taste very much alike. Both the birds also look alike if the feathers are taken off. When a roast turkey was placed on the dinner table with some peacock feathers tucked to it, it was impossible for Mrs. D——, or anybody else who was not in the know, to suspect any trick.

Mrs. D—— was profuse in her thanks to Mr. Marx for the dainty treat, and said that the meat was even more tender and tasteful than that on the first occasion. The code of hospitality allows all such tricks, and similar instances are not rare in other countries also. Mr. Marx's tale reminded me of another real story that I had heard before in India. A high official once went out shooting in the state of a big Zamindar. Game there was in plenty, but the officer was not a good shot; so all the animals went away unwounded mocking the skill of the officer. The Sun was going to set, but still nothing was bagged. The ruddy face of the officer became ruddier through anger and fatigue, and the Zamindar scented danger. Just before sunset, a stag made its appearance a few feet away from the elephant of the officer who at once fired a shot; but the stag disappeared with the sound of the bullet. The officer told the Zamindar that there was no doubt that the stag was hit by the bullet, and if the people made a proper search in the jungle the dead body of the stag was sure to be found.

Saying this he proceeded towards his tent leaving behind the bush-beaters who began to ransack the jungle with sticks and bamboos. Far from finding the dead body of the stag, not even a single drop of blood was found to trace the movements of the animal. In the neighbourhood there was a small menagerie belonging to the Zamindar ; in accordance with his secret orders a stag from the menagerie was shot down and presented before the officer. The Zamindar said, "This is the animal that fell under your honour's shot. Your honour is such a wonderful marksman that it did not take more than a single bullet to kill such a big animal!" The officer was very much pleased ; and then and there he had a handsome amount distributed as *bakshish* amongst the elephant-drivers, the bush-beaters, and other camp-followers.

When I was at Cornell University, I made lots of friends amongst the Spanish, Mexican, Cuban, Filipino, and South American students. Spanish was the mother tongue of them all. They used to say, "English is the

language of commerce, French is the language of society and diplomacy, Italian is the language of music, and Spanish is the language of love." When they asked us if there was any speciality of Sanskrit, the classical language of India, we used to reply that Sanskrit is the language of philosophy. For travellers in the Western Hemisphere, Spanish is a very important language as it is spoken in almost the whole of South and Central America and most of the West India islands. During the three months we were in Cuba, we picked up a little Spanish. The language is soft, and the pronunciation differs considerably from English, though not to the same extent as French. In the Spanish language *j*, and sometimes *g* and *x* are sounded like *h*. A day or two after I had landed in Havana, I went to a large bookshop, and asked for a copy of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. The Cuban assistant replied that he did not have any book of that name. I was quite surprised for *Don Quixote* is the most famous book in Spanish, which is the language of Cuba. An English-

speaking Cuban, however, came to my rescue, and gave the Spanish pronunciation of the names of the author and the book. The shop-assistant then understood what book I wanted, and produced before me two or three different editions.

The Cubanitas or the young ladies of Cuba are pretty, graceful and modest like those of Greece, Italy, Spain and other temperate countries of Europe. An English resident in Cuba once remarked to me that the Cubanitas bloom quickly like hothouse flowers, but they also fade quickly. I think this remark applies equally to the women of all tropical and sub-tropical countries. The Cuban, or rather the Spanish standard of beauty is different from that of the Anglo-Saxon. The former is not partial to tall and slim beauties as the latter. During the Carnival time we noticed that the Queen and her maids of honour were none of them tall and slender, but all had beautiful figures, and had symmetrical development of their bodies. These girls would be considered rather plump and fleshy in England and the

States, and in those countries they would have to take anti-fat treatment, to avoid the banter and ridicule of the slimmer beauties.

Mention has been made before of the system of slavery that existed in Cuba, and the importation of negro slaves for the cultivation of sugarcane and other crops. This resulted in a considerable intermixture between the white and the black races. The Spaniards, the Portugese, the Italians, and other Latin peoples of Southern Europe get easily mixed up with other nations. Illustrations of this are also found in India. The number of native Christians that are found in Chittagong as a result of the intermixture of the Portugese with the Indians is considerable. The Anglo-Saxon element predominates in the United States. The Anglo-Saxon people do not like to get mixed up with other peoples, and they know how to preserve their racial individuality. For this reason there has been less intermixture between the black and the white in the States than in Cuba; and there is greater hatred against the blacks in the former than in

the latter country. The offspring of a couple, one of whom is pure white, and another pure black, is called a *mulatto*. He has half white and half negro blood. The word *mulatto* is derived from the word "mule." The offspring of a *mulatto* and a white is called a *quadroon*, because he has only one-quarter negro blood, the rest being all white blood. Similarly the offspring of a *quadroon* and a pure white is called an *octoroon*, as he has got only one-eighth negro blood. Alexandre Dumas, the author of *The Count of Monte Cristo* was a *quadroon*. It is sometimes not possible to differentiate between a pure white and an *octoroon* by means of colour, but large feet, curly hair, thick lips are some of the negro features that are found in the latter just as the virtue of the mother-tincture is found in a Homœopathic medicine of even the 200th dilution. When there has been too much intermixture with white blood, the offspring some times passes for a white man, but there is often a reversion to the original type in a succeeding generation, and the negro origin is

at once detected. The intermixture between the negroes and the whites in the Western Hemisphere furnish an excellent illustration of Mendel's Law of Heredity. Even amongst brothers and sisters born of the same parents, one of whom is of negro origin, some are found to be white, and some black. Any one, therefore, who has got a *touch of the tar brush*, that is to say, has got a drop of negro blood in him, is shunned by the American people as if he is a snake. The caste system of America based on colour is as rigid as the caste system of India; and the race problem is supposed to be the greatest problem of the United States. Before I left the States for Cuba, I heard the following story: A young officer who was with the American army in Cuba during the Military Rule fell in love with a Cuban lady and married her. The American thought she was of pure white descent, the Cuban lady also held the same idea about herself. She, however, gave birth to a black child, and thus her negro origin was detected. The consternation of the American officer can be more easily ima-

gined than described. American society discarded him, but Cuban society received him with open arms, for such instances are not rare in Cuba.

We came across only two Indians in Cuba : one was from Bengal, the other was from Northern India. The name of the Bengalee is Mr. Nayan Ranjan Mitra. He got himself educated in the States before he came to Cuba. He held a nice position in the Havana Central Railroad Company. The peculiarity of this Company is that the trains are run by electricity, and not by steam. Consequently the trains and the stations are much cleaner than those in other lines. Mr. Mitra had married a Spanish lady and settled in Cuba. We were pleased to meet this countryman of ours in this far-off land. Whenever he could make time, he would come to us and show us round the different sights of Havana. The other Indian we met in the Agricultural Experiment Station at Santiago de las Vegas, where he was employed as a cook. He came to see us one day in Havana, but we were away at that time,

so we could not know anything more about him, and the circumstances that brought him to Cuba.

We travelled in different parts of Cuba, but it is not possible in this short narrative to deal with all the details of our travels. Director Crawley accompanied us in many of these tours. In his Experiment Station we saw a huge Indian bull which was kept there for breeding purposes. At Pinar del Rio the Mayor was our constant companion, and was very obliging to us. Director Crawley one day told him jocosely, "Prince Victor has not seen any cock-fights in Cuba. Why not entertain him with this Spanish sport?" We knew that bull-fights, cock-fights, and other cruel sports were prohibited by law in the new Republic of Cuba. The face of the Mayor, therefore, turned pale at the mention of cock-fights. Although the new law regarding the prohibition of cock-fights, etc., was almost a dead letter, and the Cubans secretly indulged in these pastimes whenever they got an opportunity, yet it would have by no means been a

proper course for a responsible officer like the Mayor to take up the suggestion of Director Crawley. Finding that the Mayor was in a delicate situation, Prince Victor came to his rescue and said that he was not in favour of these sports and that the Cuban Government did well in stopping them. The Mayor then breathed a sigh of relief. Later on we were invited to a cock-fight in San Juan y Martinez. The cocks were provided with iron spurs, and were dosed with stimulants to make them fight more savagely. The prices of the tickets varied from 25 cents or 12 annas to two dollars or six rupees. The gathering was a large one. People were betting on each side, and excitement was at a high pitch. The shouting of the crowd reminded one of the noise in the baseball games of the States.

Cricket and Football are played in Cuba, but Jai Alai which is similar to Real Rackets is the national game. We had an opportunity of seeing this game played in Havana. It is one of the most weird and wonderful games I have ever seen in my life. The peculiarity

about Jai Alai is that instead of a racket, a curved basket is attached to the arm from the elbow. The basket is shaped in the form of a semicircle, and has a groove 2 to 3 inches deep. One side of the court is left open; there are walls on the other three sides. The counting is the same as at Real Rackets or Fives, *viz.*, 1 to 15. In place of a net as used at Real Rackets, there was a wooden board about 3 feet high. The court must have been quite 80 to 100 feet in length. The balls used were hard, and I should think a little bigger than a golf ball. It is a very fine game indeed, but I do not think many would be proficient in it. We heard that General Wood of the United States Army was a great enthusiast. While we were watching the game, betting was going on fast. Special bookmakers attended, and as each game was drawing to a close, these bookies were in a state of feverish excitement, once laying, I remember, even 100 to 1 against the party who eventually lost. The instinct of gambling is quite predominant among the Cubans, and the stakes are often very high.

We learnt that lots of people spent their whole patrimony in gambling.

A good deal may be said about the agriculture and industries of Cuba, especially about the tobacco and the sugarcane, but they are not likely to be of any interest to the general readers; so I think it proper to close here and bid good-bye to the readers.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY TRIP TO AMERICA.

(Victor N. Narayan).

The voyage to England—The S.S. Oceana—Declaration by passengers—The S.S. Mauretania—The reporters—"Head-neckties"—Cornell sports—Cornell Cosmopolitan Club—The Niagara Falls—The Tanners—The sinking of the S.S. Republic—Tom Longboat—Cuba—The Phipps.

Before I proceed writing about my voyage to the United States and my impressions of that country, it would not be out of place, I think, to begin with a few words on the object of my trip. My father about the year 1905 decided to experiment on growing American tobacco (the yellow leaf of Virginia) in Cooch Behar. In the sub-divisional districts of Cooch Behar indigenous tobacco has been grown for centuries. This crop is mostly bought by Burmese merchants, who ship the leaf to Burma, and generally put it on the market as cheroots. The price paid by the

merchants to the cultivators hardly ever reaches Rs. 15 (not quite 5 dollars) per standard maund, which is calculated at 80 lbs. During 1905 and 1906 a few acres were put under Virginian tobacco, and the result was satisfactory. In 1907 my father one day said to me that he would be pleased if I would go to the United States with a view to study agriculture and specialize in tobacco, so that I might improve the resources of the State of Cooch Behar on my return; and that as I was the third son of the family it was time I should think of a career. He spoke very warmly on the subject, and I agreed. Like Robinson Crusoe, I had a hankering for seeing a little of the world, especially the new. After having studied at Eton and Ajmere, and served in the Imperial Cadet Corps, I was having my holiday, and killing time by shooting big game with my father for a few months, and playing cricket, polo, football, etc. So I rejoiced at the idea of going to the States, about which country I read and heard so much, and whose people I frequently came across in India.

It was a happy omen, therefore, that the author of this book had just returned to India from America. Suffice it to say that he was to accompany me and also specialize in tobacco. It was decided that I should study at the New York State College of Agriculture, at Cornell University of Ithaca, N.Y. State. The decision was arrived at because Cornell possessed one of the finest agricultural colleges in the world. The Bengal Government till recently used to send students there to study agriculture specially.

One fine day early in 1908 we sailed from Bombay, and the weather was beautiful as far as Suez. It was an out-of-season voyage, and consequently not many passengers were on the boat. There was a party of Americans on board who kept things lively by getting up sweepstakes, etc. They did not stay long, however, as their next stop was at Cairo; and they disembarked at Port Said. The weather turned bad in the Mediterranean, and I well remember the very little headway we made against a strong gale and current in the Strait

of Bonifacio. Personally it did not worry me, as I have always been a good sailor, but it was indeed a sad face that greeted me when I looked at the author. He could not stand the stuffiness below, and the rolling and pitching were almost too much for his nerves. He looked an object of pity and misery, and really seemed to be between the devil and the deep sea. When we two disembarked at Marseilles, little did we dream of the ship's fate. Not long ago, for it was the P. & O. Co.'s S.S. *Oceana* we sailed in, she had a collision with another boat in the English Channel, and now she lies at the bottom of the sea off Eastbourne. An uncle of mine happened to be in England at the time when I arrived there, and I stayed with him for about a fortnight before I sailed for New York.

What amused me immensely was the number of answers which all passengers had to fill up for the enlightenment of the Immigration Authorities of the United States, before they were permitted to sail for that country. For instance, I had to certify about myself whether I could read and write, whether

I was ever in a prison or an almshouse or a lunatic asylum, whether I was a polygamist or anarchist, whether I was deformed or crippled, whether I had the fabulous wealth of fifty dollars as my earthly possession or not, whether I was able to pay my own passage or some charitable person or corporation paid it for me, and a lot of other questions about my race, destination, calling, and affairs—both public and private, and the soundness of both my body and mind. It was lucky that we were able to book our passages on the giant Cunarder *Mauretania*, at that time the largest vessel afloat. Captain Pritchard, the skipper of the *Mauretania*, who had been to India and all other countries of the world, used to entertain us at table with his stories. There was a multimillionaire on board, a Mr. Schwab, who had crossed to England the week before to do business for ten minutes—such is the globe-trotting instinct of the Americans. At a concert given in aid of the Seamen's Fund, two Japanese gentlemen's names were given on the programme as a turn; one got up and sang

some Japanese song, while the other produced some sort of a whistling sound. The audience were in roars of laughter and almost hysterical. Nothing undaunted, they went on. What a go-ahead people the Japanese are! I am sure, people of other countries would have been too shy to get up and do the same.

We had passed Sandy Hook and were going up the river, and we were just putting things straight in the cabin, when, without any warning, a reporter calmly walked in and deposited himself on one of the bunks. It gave me a bit of a shock, as I was only half-way through my dressing operations. Without a moment's hesitation he started firing the usual questions at me, and I answered as best as I could. Once dressed I got away to the upper deck, and thought I was safe from the reporters, but no such good luck. There were about six up there, and as I was wearing a turban, and I suppose attracted attention, they collared me and took, goodness knows, how many snapshots!

Thanks to the British Embassy, through

whose courtesy we were spared the none too enviable attentions of the custom-officers, and were given a free pass. By the time we got our luggage from the steamer, it was dusk. We hied ourselves to the restaurant of the railway terminus, from where we were to take a train for Ithaca that night. We had a very good dinner, and I must say I thoroughly enjoyed my first meal on American soil. We did not have to wait long before our train left. Of course I had no idea of the railway travelling in America, so was surprised and amused at the sleeper system. I had an excellent sleep, but the conductor woke us up fairly early in the morning, and we reached our destination at about 7 a.m. The President of Cornell University, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, very kindly sent his Secretary to meet me, and take me to the hotel. Even in the small town of Ithaca we were not allowed peace by a reporter. He was the most amusing of all. If people read his article about me, I am sure they would think I was some new sort of creature. He said our turbans were like *head*

neckties of various shades and hues. I believe he was surprised most, when I helped him on with his overcoat prior to his leaving. He did not expect such a thing from a Maharaja's son. He also interviewed my brother at Ithaca later in the year, and wrote most amusing things about him. This reporter should have really been a parliamentary canvasser. He beat all others I have ever met by lengths.

During the day the Hindu students of Cornell, seven in number, came down and had a chat with me. President Schurman beforehand had very kindly arranged that I should live with a professor during my stay at Cornell. And that afternoon, Professor J. H. Tanner, for it was he whom I stayed with, came down to take me up to his house. The next few days I was busy getting introduced to the Faculty and the fellow-students. President Schurman sent for me and talked for some time. I remember him explaining to me the great admiration the Faculty had for Indian students, especially for those from Bengal, who had done very good work indeed. Of

course, at first this rather frightened me, as I belonged to Northern Bengal, and he said, he expected me to keep up the standard. Well, I promised to do my utmost, and duly started work.

Everything was new to me, but I gradually got into the swing of it, and did my best. I had not much time to spare for athletics, so joined only the Association Football Club. I remember the first game we played on Alumni Field. It was covered with snow, and unfortunately my boots had no bars or studs on, with the result that when the game was over I was a mass of bruises and blood. However, I am glad I joined this club, as it played against Columbia and Princeton, and so enabled me to visit those universities though only for a short time. The university teams that visited us at Ithaca for association football were Haverford, Pennsylvania, and Yale. In 1908 Cornell had a magnificent team of track athletes. She won the Intercollegiate fairly easily. This was due no doubt to the wonderful training of the coach—Mr. John Moakley.

Several of the team visited England later on in the year to compete in the Olympic Games held at Shepherd's Bush. I remember Mr. E. T. Cook, who was a most marvellous all-round man. He had been credited with 10 secs. for the hundred yards, 22 secs. for the 220 yards, less than 50 secs. for the quarter mile, he cleared over 6 feet in the high jump, and over 12 feet in the pole jump,—a truly wonderful record for one man. The baseball team was moderate, but Cornell possessed one very good man, a student from one of the South American republics. He was the pitcher of the team, and seemed to play with the ball as cleverly as the aborigenes used their boomerangs in Australia. Baseball properly played is one of the finest games in the world. The fielding of the base men in particular is brilliant, and one has to be very good, indeed, to get into a good team. We did not have a very good crew when I was at Cornell, and I missed the regular football season, though I once had a try and was promptly put out of action. As I have said before, I joined the

soccer team, and I have already mentioned the matches we played. We played one cricket match against Haverford and got badly beaten. I believe Haverford possesses the best college cricket XI in the United States, and we had a weak side.

The new Agricultural Building had just been put up, and a fine structure it was. The rooms were well arranged, with enough space, ventilation, and light. Co-education is popular at Cornell, and there were several girls in some of the classes I joined. All my professors were a fine lot, keen as mustard about their work, and nicer people one could not wish to meet. This is what particularly impressed me at Cornell. The professors were more than kind to the students, and specially to us foreigners, in whom they took a fatherly interest. They helped us in every way. There is one institution at Cornell, which is one of the finest of its kind in the world, and that is the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club. There were students studying at the university from the four corners of the globe. Well over twenty

countries were represented. Every week, if possible, each nation gave an entertainment in the Club. Speeches were delivered on the civilisation, customs, etc., of the country, national music was played and refreshments were served. We of India gave one such entertainment, and tried to explain in a short way the ceremonial of Hindu marriage. We all wore the costumes of our native land; and personally, having donned a turban, I did not have much head-dress left after the show, as our fair co-eds insisted on cutting off pieces as souvenirs.

The Dean of the Agricultural College was one of the finest men it has been my lot to meet. Dr. L. H. Bailey, so runs his name, is well known in agricultural circles all over the world. He wrote and edited many books; but above that, he was a most sociable man, and he always helped the students and gave them advice. Three of us Indian students were asked to a big farm not far from Ithaca, and we had a most enjoyable time. The owner of the farm specialized in growing oats, and I

remember his pride in showing us his pedigree sheet and how by selection alone he had created most excellent varieties. We could only stay three days at this farm as we did not have more leave, but we learnt a lot and thoroughly appreciated our host's kindness.

Buffalo was not very far from Ithaca, and once I went there with Professor Tanner. During the day, we took the electric car to Niagara City about twenty miles away, and went all over the wonderful works of the Niagara Falls Power Co. Power was despatched to Buffalo from distribution stations. The voltage carried on the lines was enormous—22,000. Then we took the electric car again, and did what is known as the Bell Route. On the return journey we could clearly see the famous whirlpool, and at times the rapids (where Captain Webb lost his life) could not have been more than ten feet away. It is difficult to describe the trip without illustrations, and I shall not attempt to. Before we returned to Buffalo, we visited the factory where pure wheat cracker (biscuit) is

made. It was very interesting, and I shall never forget the delicious flavour of those wheat crackers.

The last time I visited Niagara was when I got a telegram from my brother, who was going round the world, to meet him there. He had visited the Straits Settlements, Japan, and Honolulu before finally landing at Vancouver, B.C., and he was travelling east by the Canadian Pacific. We spent a couple of days at Niagara seeing the sights, then I brought him on to Ithaca, where we spent the day; and after taking him round the University Campus and different buildings we left for New York city in the evening. Next morning we drove to the Holland House, a hotel in Fifth Avenue, and tried to see the sights of the city, but it was much too warm (being the middle of summer), and we could only sit in our rooms in shirt sleeves and gasp for breath. From New York City we travelled to Montreal and on to beautiful Quebec, where we spent three days before sailing for Liverpool. I suppose Quebec is one of the prettiest cities in all

Canada,—with hills on all sides, and with the beautiful St. Lawrence slowly winding its way to the Atlantic. We visited the Plains of Abraham, where the English General Wolfe fell mortally wounded, although he saw victory. Looking down from the heights, even now, one wonders how the English army got to the plateau from the river.

I have mentioned before that while studying at Cornell, arrangements had been made for my stay with Professor and Mrs. Tanner. They had a charming house overlooking Cayuga Lake, and one could always get a fine view in good weather. The house was tastefully decorated and furnished, and was very cosy. It was delightfully quiet, and the only noise was that of the electric cars which passed every quarter of an hour. By the side of the house rose a small knoll, and when time and weather permitted, I often used to study there under the shade of a conveniently planted tree. That was surely what one could call heart's content. Both the Professor and Mrs. Tanner were more than good to me, and I wish I could

in some way repay their kindness. As events turned out it was not my luck to return to Cornell to finish my studies, as time did not permit, and as it was necessary that I should go through a practical training regarding tobacco-curing as soon as possible.

The Professor was more than a friend to me; whenever I was in trouble, he always helped me out. And how am I to say enough of Mrs. Tanner's kindness? Words fail me. A delightful surprise awaited me on my birthday. When I returned from College in the evening, I found Mrs. Tanner had laid out the dinner table neatly with chocolate and sky-blue ribbons (our Cooch Behar colours). How thoughtful of her! How I appreciated it at the time I cannot say. When dinner was over, the Professor read out a short episode in the life of that great man, Abraham Lincoln. The story was sad, well do I remember it, but it did us all good to listen to it. The place was a home to me, but, alas, my stay was all too short. I loved the Tanners, and I am sure they were fond of me; and thus may I pay my tribute to

two of the most unselfish, good-natured, big-hearted, and loving people it has ever been my good fortune to know.

After spending a few months with my father in England, I sailed from Liverpool on the *S.S. Baltic*, a White Star Liner of about 24,000 tons, and we had very bad weather nearly all the way. If I remember rightly it took us close on eleven days to get to New York from Liverpool; but one day may be cut out. We were nearing Sandy Hook when we suddenly got a wireless message for immediate help from the *S.S. Republic*, which had been rammed by the *S.S. Florida*. Our skipper turned the ship round at once and went full speed ahead for the scene of disaster. It was not very pleasant, as the fog was thick on all sides, and we could hear the sirens of other ships which had picked up the call for help. We searched through the fog for the whole day, but we could not locate either ship. Then suddenly, I think it was between 6 and 7 p.m., the whole fog lifted, and we found we were not more than a mile from

the *Republic*. The *Florida* had struck her in a vital part, right amidships, about 5 a.m. in the morning, and the passengers all ran up on deck, but the captain would not allow them to return to their cabins. So their plight was very bad, as they were out in the cold (it was winter) for over twelve hours! The work of transferring the people to the *Baltic* started immediately, but it was not an easy job, as there was a slight swell on. We all did our little bit to help and make them comfortable. The greatest difficulty was looking after the Italian immigrants with whom the *Florida* was crammed. They were terribly excited, and I remember a poor woman, who in the rush got separated from her child, and was very nearly committing suicide.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor, a great author and explorer, who was a fellow-passenger on the *Baltic*, was well versed in Italian, and did a lot to pacify the immigrants. By six next morning sixteen hundred or may be more people had been transferred to the *Baltic*. We steamed away and reached New York next day.

The *Republic* could not be kept afloat long. She sank in the night as she was being towed back. The *Florida* managed to get back to New York under her own steam.

I spent about a fortnight in New York. It was bitterly cold, but I thoroughly enjoyed myself seeing all the latest shows. I remember that one night when I was supping with a friend, I was mistaken for Tom Longboat, the famous Canadian Red Indian runner, who had been running against either Shrubb or Dorando (I don't remember which one), and came off victorious ; and it was all I could do to get away from offers of drinking my health ! New York reminded me a great deal of Paris ; it has the same gayness about it, and everyone seemed to be full of energy and fun.

It was necessary to get as much practical knowledge about tobacco as possible, so the author and myself left by steamer for Cuba and arrived in Havana five days later, where through the courtesy of the British Ambassador at Washington, who had sent a message to the authorities, we were given a free passage



[Photo by the Editor

use of a tobacco-grower who is a tenant in Señor Suarez's plantation,
Puerto de Golpe, Cuba



[Photo by the Editor

nale labourers harvesting tobacco leaves in Mr Luis Marx's plantation,

through the custom-house. Mr. Grant Duff, who represented the British Government in Cuba, came in his launch to receive us on board the steamer, accompanied by the Director of Agriculture of Cuba. Cuba was originally a colony of Spain; as English was not spoken very much we had to learn Spanish, and picked it up quite quickly. A countryman of ours who had married a Spanish lady and settled down there, helped us to see a lot of the city of Havana, and made our stay there very pleasant. We spent the best part of three months visiting tobacco farms, and found the work most interesting. What struck me most about the tobacco crop at first was the method of growing it under cheese cloth. This is, of course, done to diffuse the rays of the Sun, and also to protect the leaf somewhat from the ravages of insects. We stayed for some time in the famous Vuelta Abajo region in the province of Pinar del Rio, where probably the best cigar tobacco in the world is grown. At the town of Pinar del Rio the Governor and the Mayor were all courtesy to us. We

were invited to a ball, where we danced the slow and delightful Spanish Danzon with the pretty belles of Cuba. In Cuba we had also opportunities of seeing cock-fights.

On my way back from Cuba I spent a fortnight again in New York. Some old friends, the Phipps, the multimillionaires of Pittsburgh, who had a few years previously been out to shoot with my father in India, asked me to stay at their place, where I spent a most enjoyable week. Their country residence was in Long Island and quite close to a great centre of Polo, where the famous Meadow Brook Team came from. The eldest brother, J. Phipps, with whom I was staying, had a Polo ground of his own, and one morning when I was practising with the Phipps, just for fun's sake they put me on to a raw 'un. Well, it was not very long before I was shot out of the saddle, and I felt pretty raw myself.

I do not propose to tax the patience of the readers any longer. When I look back upon my past life it seems to me that the short time I stayed in the United States to my great profit

and enjoyment is one of the best and happiest periods of my life. Not only did I meet there some very noble types of humanity whose friendship I shall ever prize, and whose memories I shall ever cherish, but in that land of cosmopolitanism and democracy, of self-help and inventive genius, I had opportunities of learning many things to equip me, to a great extent, for service to my country and humanity at large.

APPENDIX A.

THE PICTURE ON THE COVER.

(*Drawn by Mr. Jamini Prakash Gangooli, Vice-Principal, Calcutta Government School of Arts.)*

The contact of the Hindu mind with the mind of America, with all its interest and novelty, is the theme of the picture. The Hindu is the product of a civilization of venerable antiquity, rooted to the soil, and broadbased upon traditions. But the American civilization, though new, is intensely alive. It looks forward to future possibilities. It is triumphant. It brims over with life. The many-petalled lotus with its delicacy of colour and form and fragrance is the characteristically Indian flower, the delight of the poet, the devotee and the mystic. In the hand of the lovely damsel it is the *līlā-kamala* of Sanskrit poets. It is one of the mystic emblems of Buddhism. Upon it are planted in a graceful pose the radiant feet of both the Goddesses of Learning and Wealth. Its long slim stalk links the air, the water and the earth in a lovely bond of union. The flower on the surface is open unto the sky, but its stalk rises out of the depth of water from the oozy mud below. In brief, it stands

for the Indian outlook on life by its suggestions of grace, peace, serenity and contemplation.

Over against this, and in sharp contrast, is the Star-spangled Banner, symbolical of all that is good and noble in America's love of democracy and her intense humanity. Its watchword is progress, and it points to achievements which are the earnest of far greater things to be.

Ingenious must be the fancy of the artist who brings the two together. Æsthetically considered, no two things can be so dissimilar in form and spirit as the lotus and the Star-spangled Banner. The sweet serenity of the lotus-landscape is brought into bold relief by the fluttering banner of the stars and stripes by its suggestion of militancy and triumph. It is like the intrusion of King Dushyanta in the silence and solitude of Kanwa's hermitage in Kalidasa's immortal drama *Sakuntala*. The palpable artificiality of the grouping is naturalised as far as possible by the presence of the delicate creeper entwining the flagstaff. The banner reminds one of "the force of temporal power," while the lotus-bloom spreads an atmosphere of spiritual bliss. It had been the weak point of India to disregard matter. The weak point in American life seems to lie the other way, in the glorification of matter to the disregard of the spirit. In order that civilisation may not be one-sided, both of them ought to have their due share of attention. The harmony of the two is the problem of the future. The artist brings this

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question prominently before the mind by his attempt at grouping the symbols of the two countries in one pictorial setting.

SARAT CHANDRA GUPTA.

APPENDIX B.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION OF INDIANS.

(*Vide* Editor's Foreword).

Extracts from the Report of the Association, 1906.

An evening party was given at the Town Hall of Calcutta on the 5th of March, 1906, to bid farewell to the 44 Indian students, proceeding to foreign countries for industrial education.

The proceedings commenced with a Bengalee song.

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe* said that they had met there to give a cordial and most enthusiastic send-off to the students that were going to the Far East and West for technical education. For the last two years that Association had been engaged in the useful and most excellent work of sending students for technical and industrial education. So far as the working of the Association was concerned, it had done admirably. A large number of students had been sent to Japan, America and Europe. That day they were sending 44

*Late Editor of the *Statesman*, one of the English daily papers of Calcutta.

new students to the East and West. He was, however, not going to make any speeches. He only wanted to say that they had in their midst a very distinguished statesman from America, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the great representative of the Democratic Party. Mr. Bryan had been travelling through the Far East. He had also spent some time in the Philippines. He had just come out from the Philippines and was visiting India for the purpose of gathering impressions, ideas and informations which he would turn to the best advantage when he would go back to his own country. The speaker then welcomed him and called upon him to deliver an address. Mr. William Jennings Bryan then addressed the meeting

He said that he was travelling as a student and not as an instructor—he was travelling to learn and not to express his opinion. He took pleasure in testifying to his deep appreciation of the broad and generous spirit that lay at the back of the Association. It gratified him much to know that there were forty-four young men, who were willing to leave home in order that they might learn what the world had to teach them. The speaker was sure that these young men would act as bee and would bring home honey. He wished that no one would be ashamed to go abroad in search of truth. He believed that each nation had something that it could teach. In his opinion there ought to be exchange of views between nations and individuals. A man could learn much by retiring in solitude ; but

he could learn more by going to foreign countries. When he was at Japan a teacher told him that he (the teacher) hoped that the speaker should find some worse thing among them and that he might tell the people so that the people of Japan might improve. In reply, the speaker said that he was not travelling so much to find fault, and that he was anxious to go back to his country with everything that was good. He was glad that some of the students were going to the United States. He wanted them to go to the United States to study the institutions and to study the people and all that they could find good. The speaker asked them not to be ashamed to borrow ; there was no disgrace in borrowing. He hoped that those students would make a full return of all that they would borrow. They should remember that truth was priceless wherever they could be found. Those students were going abroad to have their visions enlarged and their capacity increased. With the increased capacity comes in responsibility. He hoped that those students would prove themselves worthy by their conduct remembering the generosity of those who had sent them.

APPENDIX C.

INDIA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

(*Vide pages 1—4*)

The readers of *America through Hindu Eyes* would perhaps enjoy a bird's eye view of India through American eyes. The picture of India drawn by Mark Twain in his *Following the Equator* is, therefore, given below :

"There is only one India ! It is the only country that has a monopoly of grand and imposing specialties. When another country has a remarkable thing, it cannot have it all to itself—some other country has a duplicate. But India—that is different. Its marvels are its own ; the patents cannot be infringed ; imitations are not possible. And think of the size of them, the majesty of them, the weird and outlandish character of the most of them !

"There is the plague, the Black Death. India invented it ; India is the cradle of that mighty birth.

"The Car of Juggernaut was India's invention.

"So was the Suttee ; and within the time of men still living, eight hundred widows willingly, and, in fact, rejoicingly, burned themselves to death on the

bodies of their dead husbands in a single year. Eight hundred would do it this year if the British Government would let them.

"Famine is India's specialty. Elsewhere famines are inconsequential incidents—in India they are devastating cataclysms ; in one case they annihilate hundreds ; in the other millions.

"India has 2,000,000 gods, and worships them all. In religion all other countries are paupers, India is the only millionaire.

"With her everything is on a gigantic scale—even her poverty ; no other country can show anything to compare with it. And she has been used to wealth on so vast a scale that she has to shorten to single words the expressions describing great sums. She describes 100,000 with one word—a lakh ; she describes ten millions with one word—a crore.

"In the bowels of the granite mountains she has patiently carved out dozens of vast temples, and made them glorious with sculptured colonnades and stately groups of statuary, and has adorned the eternal walls with noble paintings. She has built fortresses of such magnitude that the show strongholds of the rest of the world are but modest little things by comparison ; palaces that are wonders for rarity of materials, delicacy and beauty of workmanship, and for cost ; and one tomb which men go around the world to see. It takes eighty nations, speaking eighty languages to people her, and they number three hundred millions.

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“On top of all this she is the mother and home of that wonder of wonders—Caste—and of that mystery of mysteries—the satanic brotherhood of Thugs.”

APPENDIX D.

THE AMERICAN RED INDIANS.

(*Vide pages 13—14*)

The Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, England in his book entitled *A Little Tour in America*, p. 237, says :

“The Indians have been displaced, but they are not neglected. If there was ever any truth in the ancient accusation that the pilgrim fathers first fell on their knees, and then fell on the aborigines, there is no suspicion of any such unkindness as concerns their descendants. Lo ! the poor Indian’s untutored mind is now taught the industrial arts, and to dig, and plough, and sow, and to speak the English tongue. But somehow or other civilization by itself does not seem to suit him. He is not happy in trousers, and seems to endorse the general opinion that this form of raiment is the most unsightly as yet designed by the tailor. Be this as it may, it is sad to see how he droops and fades, like some field-flower, uprooted, potted, and turned into a windowplant, or some wild animal, caught and caged—an eagle in a box with iron bars, or a fox in a barrel with a chain.”

APPENDIX E.

AMERICANISMS.

(*Vide pages 14—15*)

John S. Farmer, in his *Americanisms—Old and New* says in the Introduction :

“Roughly speaking, Americanisms may be divided into several broad and distinct classes :—

1. Words and Phrases of Purely American Derivation, embracing words originating in—

- a.* Indian and Aboriginal Life.
- b.* Pioneer and Frontier Life.
- c.* The Church.
- d.* Politics.
- e.* Trade of all kinds.
- f.* Travel, Afloat and Ashore.

2. Words Brought by Colonists, including—

- a.* The German Element.
- b.* The French.
- c.* The Spanish.
- d.* The Dutch.
- e.* The Negro.
- f.* The Chinese.

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3. Names of American Things, embracing—
 - a. Natural Products.
 - b. Manufactured Articles.
4. Perverted English Words.
5. Obsolete English Words still in general use in America.
6. English Words, American by Inflection and Modification.
7. Odd and Quaint Popular Phrases, Proverbs, Vulgarisms, and Colloquialisms, Cant and Slang.
8. Individualisms.
9. Doubtful and Miscellaneous.

“Concerning some of these classes, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable to the general reader. It would have been strange indeed had the Red Man failed to leave the most distinct impress upon the life and surroundings of the American Nation. This expectation is fully borne out by facts. Many of the most notable aboriginal names still hold, and will doubtless retain a place in the popular speech. Among these geographical expressions stand first, not a few of the names of states, rivers, and mountains bearing their ancient Indian appellations. The designations of plants, animals, and preparations of food come next ; but in all probability the influence of the Red Man on the vernacular will longest survive in the colloquialisms of everyday life. Some of these—as for

example, 'burying the hatchet,' 'going on the warpath,' 'smoking the pipe of peace,' and similarly expressive imagery—have established themselves where English is spoken.

"Another important group—perverted and obsolete English words—is also largely responsible for such variation as exists in the speech of the two countries ; indeed these are by far the most fruitful source of turns of expression which we in England attribute to transatlantic origin. As a matter of fact, many so-called Americanisms are simply good Old English words which have dropped out of use in the Mother Country. Many causes have conduced to their retention across the water. Let only a thought be given to the subject, and it can hardly be a matter for surprise that words and expressions once current but now disused here, are still in vogue there. Indeed, the marvel is not that the divergence is so great, but rather that, comparatively, it is so small. Every factor in the case would seem to have made for diversity rather than uniformity ; and yet, in spite of a violent racial partition, followed by decades of animosity and hate, a separation one from the other by thousands of leagues, the incursion of hordes of immigrants of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, all bringing their quota of new sounds, idioms, and idiosyncracies into the common language—yet, in spite of all this, the language of the Older England of the Seas and the Newer England of the West is

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essentially the same. Such a fact is assuredly a marvel."

A few examples of Americanisms are given below from *A Little Tour in America* by the English writer Dean Hole, pp. 169—171 :

"Different words are used in speaking of railways and their surroundings :—

<i>They say.</i>		<i>We say.</i>
Railroad Railway
Track	.	. Line
Baggage Luggage
Depot	..	. Station
Engineer Engine driver
Fireman Stoker
Conductor Guard
Switches Points
Freight train Goods train
Ticket-office Booking-office

"Here it may be opportune to notice some other idioms, differences in verbal descriptions of the same thing, set down in order as I heard them :—

<i>In England.</i>	<i>In America.</i>
Letters are <i>posted</i> They are <i>mailed</i>
Tradesmen sell their wares in <i>shops</i> In <i>stores</i>
Boots and shoes are <i>polished</i> ...	They are <i>shined</i>
We talk about <i>goloshes</i>	. They are called <i>gums</i>
	"Mother is wiping her <i>gums</i> on the door-mat."
Our children are <i>born and</i> <i>brought up</i> They are <i>raised</i>

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<i>In England.</i>	<i>In America.</i>
We express astonishment with	
<i>Goodness gracious! Well,</i>	
<i>I never!</i> .	They exclaim, <i>O my!</i>
<i>Beefsteak</i>	Is <i>tenderloin</i>
We carry on, we conduct, a	
<i>business</i>	It is <i>run</i>
We say immediately, at once	They say <i>right away</i>
<i>First floor</i>	Is <i>parlour floor</i>
<i>Biscuits</i>	Are <i>crackers</i>
<i>Cut wood</i>	Is <i>lumber</i>
<i>The Lift</i>	Is the <i>elevator</i>
<i>A good deal</i>	Is <i>pretty much</i> . Quite a <i>good deal</i>
<i>Somewhat early</i>	Is <i>pretty soon</i>
<i>Quick, nimble, clever</i>	Is <i>spry</i>
<i>To give</i>	Is to <i>donate</i>
<i>Racing</i>	Is <i>speeding</i>
<i>A racecourse</i>	Is a <i>speed-track</i>
<i>A commercial traveller, or</i>	
<i>bagman</i>	Is a <i>drummer</i>
<i>Influenza</i>	Is <i>grippe</i> , as in France
<i>Sweets</i>	Are <i>candies</i>
<i>Street pavement</i>	Is <i>side walk</i>
<i>The driving-reins</i>	Are the <i>lines</i>
We shall be there in time	We shall be there <i>on time</i>
<i>A wooden house</i>	Is a <i>frame house</i>
<i>To make a collection</i>	To <i>take up</i> a collection
<i>To carry</i>	In Virginia and elsewhere is to <i>tote</i>
<i>The chairman opens the</i>	
<i>meeting</i>	The chairman <i>calls the</i> <i>meeting to order</i>
<i>To place</i>	Is to <i>locate</i>

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In England.

In America.

A horse jibs He baulks
The man who is called a <i>spooney, greenhorn, nin-</i> <i>compoop</i> ..	. Is known as a <i>tenderfoot</i>
To aim straight Is to draw a <i>bee-line</i> , straight as a bee returns to its hive
Improvements in cultivation, etc. Are <i>betterments</i>
When we say <i>Indeed?</i>	.. They say, <i>Is that so?</i>
We say <i>what?</i> ..	. They say <i>How?</i>
Bank notes ..	. Are <i>grenbacks</i> , first issued during the Civil War ; the confederate notes were blue
To move away .	. Is to <i>make tracks</i>
Some time .	. Is quite a <i>while</i>
Straight forward ..	Is <i>right away</i>
A mean person ..	. Is a <i>scrimp</i>
Papa and Mamma	. Are <i>poppa and momma</i>
A good many ..	. Quite a <i>few</i>
A cabby ..	. Is a <i>hackman</i>
Hired carriages Are <i>hacks</i>
A travelling bag .	.. Is a <i>grip</i>
A vicious horse ..	. Is a <i>mean horse</i>
A dandy, or <i>masher</i> Is a <i>dude</i>
He who does not vote with his party—a <i>turncoat</i> Is a <i>bolter</i>
A <i>deception, a sell, chouse,</i> or <i>swindle</i> Is a <i>fake</i>
To get into trouble	... Is to <i>wake snakes</i>
A downright good fellow	... Is <i>clear grit.</i> "

APPENDIX F.

THE STREET CARS OF NEW YORK.

(*Vide pages 23—24*)

Dean Hole says in pp. 44-45 of *A Little Tour in America* :

“The proprietors and conductors of these vehicles (cars or omnibuses) are men of such large benevolence, and so anxious to promote the closest fellow-feeling among their neighbours, that they welcome all who desire to travel with them. It is a New York proverbial saying that ‘there’s always room for one on a Broadway car.’ The result is that not only the sides but the centre of the conveyances are crowded, chiefly with men, who almost invariably surrender the seats to the ladies, and who jolt against each other with polite grins whenever there is a sudden stop.*

*“Sometimes the results are more serious, as recorded in the following extract from an American daily paper :

FAINTS WHILE HE HOLDS THE STRAP!

Aged Man Pays Fare on a Street Car, but is Given No Seat!

S. D. Hinman is little more than 80 years old. That fact, however, does not entitle him to a seat when he pays a fare

Believers in the ancestral ape may readily imagine, as they hold on by the leather straps suspended from the roof for their support, that they have reverted to type, and are chattering once more among their brother-monkeys, as they cling to the branches of primeval trees. I ventured to remark to an American friend that we had tried this system, this truck system, with our cattle upon the rail, and with a complete success, but that it did not seem to commend itself as a method of locomotion to my brother-men. My friend made no answer, but I saw from the expression of his countenance that he did not think much of 'my brother-men.' "

on a Cottage Grove Avenue car. At six o'clock last night he clung to a strap and gasped for breathing room from Madison Street to Twenty-second, and then fainted. He was wedged in the mass of humanity so tightly that he could not fall. A considerate conductor stopped the car, and Mr. Hinman was carried into a drug store, where he soon revived, and walked to his home at No. 2336, Michigan Avenue."

APPENDIX G.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(*Vide pages 48—54*)

Literatus in p. 660 of the *Modern Review of Calcutta*, June, 1917, says :

“One of the Chicago paper-reporters got out of Sir Rabindranath Tagore his opinion about Rudyard Kipling, which, needless to say, was not at all favourable and could never be so, for no two poets stand poles asunder to-day as he and Kipling do. About Kipling, he said ‘The realism of Kipling’s India is wholly a patched-up thing of imagination. His knowledge is secondhand—from the bazaars and servants. He never has entered into the real life of the people.’ This opinion was boomed into the papers as an interesting piece of news with such big head-lines as: ‘Tagore scoffs at Kipling,’ ‘India’s poet and seer takes rap at Kipling,’ ‘Kipling ignorant of India, asserts Sir Tagore,’ etc. I suppose all Indians will be equally glad to know that such an opinion about Kipling’s writings was openly avowed by the poet in America, for we all share it *in toto* with him.”

APPENDIX H.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

(*Vide page 53*)

Max O'Rell in *Jonathon and his Continent*, Chapter XIX, says :

"I did not know what lively reading was until I saw an American newspaper. American journalism is, above all, a sensational journalism. If the facts reported are exact, so much the better for the paper ; if not so much the worse for the facts. Beyond the date, few statements are reliable. But the papers are always lively reading.

"To succeed as a journalist in America, it is not necessary to be a man of letters ; the only qualification necessary is to be able to amuse and interest the reader ; this must be done at any cost ; all styles are admissible except the heavy. The American journalist must be spicy, lively, bright. He must know how to, not *report*, but *relate* an accident, a trial, a conflagration, and, at a push, make up an article of one or two columns in length upon the most insignificant incident. He must be interesting, *readable*, as the English call it with reason. His eyes and ears must

be always open, every sense on the alert ; for, before all and above all, he must keep ahead for this race for news ; if he should once let himself be outdone by a *confrère*, his reputation would be blasted.

“But you will perhaps exclaim : ‘What is the poor fellow to do when there is no news?’ What is he to do ? And his imagination, is it given him for no purpose ? If he have no imagination, he had better give up the idea of being a journalist in America, as he will soon find out.

“Crimes, divorces, elopements, *mésalliances*, gossip of all kinds, furnish the papers with three quarters of their contents. A mysterious affair, skilfully handled, will make the fortune of a paper.

“For several weeks, during the months of February and March, the American papers were talking about a young lady of good family in Washington, who, it appeared, had become engaged to a young Indian named Chaska, a tawny brave of the Sioux tribe. There were description of the wild man ; descriptions of the festivities which were to be held in his honour at the camp of the great chief, Swift Bird ; descriptions of the gorgeous ornaments with which the members of the tribe would be adorned—nothing was wanting : day after day fresh details were added. Then the despair of the young lady’s family was pictured. The threats of an indignant father, the tears of a distressed mother, nothing, it seemed, could touch the heart of the fair one but the piercing eyes of Chaska.

"At last the marriage takes place, not only in broad day, but in church. It is not Swift Bird who blesses the young couple ; it is the parish clergyman. Romance gives place to verity ; and without the slightest sign of being disconcerted, the papers announce (in a few lines this time) that the young lady has married a clerk in the *Indian Affairs Office*.

"Compared with French and English papers, the American dailies have neither the literary value of the former nor the authority of the latter in the matter of political foreign news.

"The French newspapers are most of them literary productions of incontestable worth ; but with the exception of one or two leading articles, and the literary, musical, and dramatic criticisms, nothing very serious in the way of information is to be found in them. Mr. Augustus Sala once said very wittily that the French papers bear the date of to-morrow and the news of yesterday. The satire is a little severe, but it is not unmerited. He might, however, have taken that opportunity for reminding his numerous readers that if the Parisian papers are inferior to the London ones in the matter of news, they are greatly their superiors in the matter of articles.

"For the intelligent, serious man, the English daily papers have only the attraction of the correctness of their correspondence, home and foreign. It consists of facts in all their aridity, but still facts. As for the articles, few persons, I fancy, read those productions

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written, with few exceptions, in the dry, thready, pedagogic style much affected by lower-form school-boys.

“An American newspaper is a conglomeration of news, political, literary, artistic, scientific, and fashionable, of reports of trials, of amusing anecdotes, gossip of all kinds, interviews, jokes, scandal ; the whole written in a style which sometimes shock the man of taste, but which often interests, and always amuses.”

APPENDIX I.

THE QUOTED SANSKRIT VERSES.

The verse in page 59 occurs in Sankara's *Mohamudgara* (The Club that Shatters Error), and has been thus translated by Roby Dutt in his *Echoes from East and West* :

“Thy frame is faded, gray thy head,
Thy gum hath all its teeth now shed,
Thy hand-held stick doth tremble fair,—
Yet brittle hope thou leavest ne’er.”

The verse in page 61 occurs in *Gitagovindam* by the Bengali poet Jayadeva. The following is the English rendering by Sir Edwin Arnold of the portion of the poem in which the two lines occur :

“I know where Krishna tarries in these early days
of Spring,
When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance
on its wing ;
Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets
of the clove,
In jungles where the bees hum and the koil
flutes her love ;
He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,
All in the budding Spring-time, for ’tis sad to
be alone.”

APPENDIX J.

DECLARATION BY PASSENGERS FOR AMERICA.

(Vide pages 255—256)

The following printed list is given to every passenger, and he has to fill up the answers to every question except 1, before he is allowed to embark :

1. No. on list
2. Name in full
3. Age
4. Sex
5. Married or single
6. Calling or occupation
7. Able to read and write
8. Nationality (country to which passenger owes political allegiance)
9. Race or people (to be determined by the stock from which the passenger sprang and the language he speaks)
- 9a. Whether a citizen of the United States or not
10. Last residence (Province, City or Town)
11. Final destination (State, City or Town)
12. Whether having a ticket to such final destination
- 12a. (1) If in transit to Canada or any country other

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than the United States. State full address to which you are going

- (2) Are you proceeding to destination immediately on arrival at New York?
13. State whether you paid your own passage, or whether same has been paid by any other person, or by any Corporation, Society, Municipality, or Government, and if so by whom?
14. Whether in possession of 50 dollars, and if less, how much?
15. Whether ever before in the United States, and if so, when and where?
16. Whether going to join a relative or friend, and if so what relative or friend, and his or her name and complete address, including street number (if any). United States citizen is to give his address in America
17. Whether ever in prison or almshouse, or an institution, or hospital for the care and treatment of the insane, or supported by charity. If so, which?
18. Whether a polygamist
19. Whether an anarchist
20. Whether coming by reason of any offer, solicitation, promise or agreement, expressed or implied, to perform labor in the United States
21. Condition of health, mental and physical

22. Whether deformed or crippled,—nature, length of time and cause

Anarchists and desperate characters with previous convictions, as well as those who are deformed, crippled or penniless are not allowed to land in the United States, as their presence is not considered desirable in that country. A very large number of people from European countries—generally belonging to the lower strata of society—annually migrate to America with the ultimate object of becoming American citizens, hence the Immigration Authorities there take all the necessary precautions to exclude from the country all those that would not make good citizens ; and passengers who are not likely to get admittance into the States are in accordance with the instructions of the American representatives not allowed to engage any passage by the Steamer Companies. The Immigration Authorities are particularly strict about steerage passengers. Every steerage passenger must be able to show fifty dollars in his possession before being permitted to land. People who are penniless are likely to be a burden upon the State, but those who have got at least fifty dollars may be able to maintain themselves for a couple of months or so before they can secure some employment ; for this reason the sum of fifty dollars has been fixed as the minimum limit of the earthly possession of the immigrants to America.

APPENDIX K.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

(*Vide page 257*)

Max O'Rell in *Jonathon and his Continent*, pp. 139—140, says :

“ ‘Journalism has killed literature, and reporting is killing Journalism.’ In America, reporting has simply overrun, swallowed up, journalism. It is a demolition of the wall of private life ; the substitution of gossip for chronicle, of chatter for criticism.

“For the interviewer, nothing is sacred. Audacity is his stock-in-trade : the most private details of your daily life are at his mercy ; and unless you blow his brains out—which is not lawful in New York State—you have no means of getting rid of him.

“Do not believe you have got over the difficulty by having him told that you are not at home. He will return to the charge ten, twenty times ; he will stand sentinel at your door, sleep on the mat outside your hotel bedroom, so as to pounce on you as soon as you show your face in the morning. He is patient ; and if any indisposition should oblige you to keep your room, he will wait till you are well again, and will have his meals brought to him in the corridor. Should

you succeed in escaping the hunter, rather than return to the newspaper-office empty-handed from the chase, he will find your wife, and ask her if you snore, whether you are an early riser, whether you are the more amiable after dinner or before, what you eat at breakfast, what is your favourite colour in trousers, and what size boots you take. He will ask her when you were married, how long your honeymoon lasted, if you have children, and whether they have cut their teeth. With these materials he will make up a column.

“There is no question too indiscreet for these enterprising inquisitors. Do not shout victory, either, because you have succeeded in getting rid of the interviewer without replying to his questions. It is in such cases that the American journalist reveals himself in all his glory. To your stupefaction, the newspapers next day will have an account of the conversation which you *might have had* with their reporters.”

In this connection, the adventures of Sir Rabindranath Tagore with newspaper reporters in America may be interesting to the readers. The following story which originally appeared in *Salt Lake Utah Telegram*, Oct. 15, 1916, is reproduced in p. 659 of the *Modern Review* of Calcutta, June, 1917 :

“Two interviewers had been hanging about the corridors of the hotel where the poet was staying, baffled because of his strong refusal to allow any

newspapermen to see him, yet grimly determined to find a way to his presence somehow or other. Each time they tried to gain admittance, Mr. Pearson fumed at the door. At last they tried a new ruse ; they changed their voices and names and the interview was granted. Not suspecting that they were the same persons, Mr. Tagore said to them : 'I do not mind telling you gentlemen, who, I perceive, are about to intercede for the two reporters who have been awaiting and annoying me from downstairs, that they shall not come up here.' "

It is further stated in p. 662 of the same issue of the *Modern Review* :

"The poet arrived in Detroit, a famous American town, on November 10. He had to submit himself, here again, to the great American form of torture known as the interview and possibly he had such a warm time with his interviewers that he let them have freely a piece of his mind on their business. He said : 'Your American interview is based purely on curiosity. You are interested only in the spectacular phases of a man's personality. I often wonder why some newspapers send men to see me at all when they would save time and trouble by simply putting a reporter down to a typewriter and letting him dream out what I might say.' "

Dr. Sudhindra Bose gives the following interesting story in p. 217 of the *Modern Review* for February, 1917 :

"Of the many onerous responsibilities of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's private secretary, Mr. W. W. Pearson, M.A., B.Sc., none is more exacting than devising means to throw American reporters off the track of the author of *Gitanjali*. Being an Englishman, Pearson takes none too kindly to the newspapers of this country, and he frequently has a lively time with newspaper sleuths. Let one instance suffice as typically illuminating.

It happened at Salt Lake City in the State of Utah. Tagore's hotel was besieged by an army of reporters clamoring for interviews. They were all 'turned down.' There was one enterprising reporter, however, who had a bright idea. He telephoned over to the hotel and asked for Tagore.

'Hallo ! Hallo ! Is this Sir Rabindranath Tagore ?'

'No ; but I am his secretary. What do you want ?'

'I wish to see Tagore right away.'

'Sorry, you can't see him now.'

'I am the British vice-consul at Salt Lake City. I must see Tagore immediately on a very important business.'

Pearson relaxed. He cleared his throat and said pleasantly, 'Oh, well, you can come and see Tagore.'

The supposed vice-consul was taken into Tagore's room. 'Your lordship,' he began with suspicious politeness, 'your lordship, I wish to ask——'

That was enough for wiseman Pearson. 'Pardon me,' broke in Pearson, 'but being a British vice-consul

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you may know that a knight is not addressed as your lordship. Can I help you away?' And he did. The masquerading reporter was promptly helped out of the room."

APPENDIX L.

EXTRACTS FROM AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

(*Vide pages 258—259*)

The following appeared in the *Ithaca Daily News*, in the issue of February 29, 1908 :

**INDIAN PRINCE, SON OF RICH RULER, HERE
TO TAKE COURSE.**

**Gives Glad Hand to Reporter, and Offers to Aid
Him With His Coat—Turbans Like Neckties.**

For the first time in its history, Cornell University will have an Indian prince as one of its students.

Prince Victor Narayan, son of His Highness the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, India, holding absolute power over half a million subjects, though under the protection of the British Crown, is the name of this distinguished student, who arrived in Ithaca this morning, for the purpose of taking a special course in agriculture.

The prince was accompanied by Indu Bhusan De Majumdar, Cornell '06. The prince brought also a valet, Ijaharuddin by name

This party of three arrived in New York on the Mauretania last night, direct from Liverpool. On the same ship were Mrs. W. T. Stead and Charles M. Schwab ; but probably the Indian prince, who is said to be second or third to touch American soil, attracted as much attention as any of the other notables in the palatial first cabin.

Upon arriving in Ithaca this morning, Prince Victor Narayan was met by Arthur Lynn Andrews, Secretary to President Schurman, and Prof. G. N. Lauman. He and his suite proceeded to the Ithaca Hotel and registered in plain United States. The orientals' turbans trimmed in gold, attracted much attention, however.

PRINCE GIVES GLAD HAND.

Shortly after 9 o'clock the prince and Mr. Majumdar received a News representative in their hotel apartments. Both were most cordial in giving a regular American hand-shake. The prince is of athletic build, and is said to be an expert at polo, tennis, cricket and other games.

Mr. Majumdar talked freely about the prince's plans.

"Agriculture," said he, "is, of course, of paramount importance to the prince, as his father owns vast tobacco plantations ; and it is for the study of the plant that the prince comes to Cornell. He will be the

guest of Prof. J. H. Tanner. He expects to remain here a year or so, perhaps longer. Afterward the prince will go to Virginia and North Carolina, to see the practical part of tobacco growing."

Mr. Majumdar said the prince had studied at Eton in England, and later at Chiefs' Mayo College at Ajmere, India ; and then in the Imperial Cadet Corps, he associated with the sons of other Indian princes.

Although he has travelled and studied much, the prince admitted that he still is less than 20 years of age. He showed considerable interest in the debates held last night, and said that Wellington Koo's* success must have been well deserved

QUEEN NAMED HIM.

"Speaking of Wellington," said Mr. Majumdar, "do you know why the prince is called Victor? Well, I shall tell you. He was christened Victor by his god-mother, the late Queen Victoria."

Then the prince laughed—a boyish, whole-souled laugh.

While he was talking, Mr. Majumdar kept on his turban, the ends of which hung down his back. The prince was bareheaded.

"We wear turbans not as hats," explained the former Cornell student, "but much as you wear neck-

*A Chinese student of Columbia University who won the interuniversity debate held at Cornell

ties—more for adornment. They are of different colors.”

“They are more becoming to you than some of our neckties are to us,” ventured the reporter. Both the Orientals smiled their approval.

As the reporter salaamed to each, the prince determined to be as democratic as any one in this land, said :

“May I help you on with your coat?”

The following appeared in the same paper in the issue of March 14, 1908 :

MAJUMDAR TO TOUR SOUTH.

Prince and Companion in Green Turbans Startle Ithaca's Rialto.

Indu Bhushan De Majumdar, the distinguished East Indian Cornell graduate, who has been companion and adviser to Prince Victor Narayan, the son of one of India's richest reigning potentates, will leave Ithaca to-morrow night for a tour of the south.

Mr. Majumdar will first go to Washington, and there call on the British Ambassador, the Hon. James Bryce. The English diplomat will put him in touch

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with officials who can give reliable information about agricultural matters.

Later Mr. Majumdar will leave for Virginia. He will likely call on the Governor and other officials, to whom he will have letters both from the British Ambassador and from President Schurman of Cornell.

ADMIRES OUR SOUTHERNERS.

Mr. Majumdar said he would take pains to call on President Edwin A. Alderman of the University of Virginia, and would likely go to Charlottesville for the purpose.

"I heard President Alderman deliver an address at Yale when he received an honorary degree there a few years ago," he said, "and of all the speeches made at the exercises I think President Alderman's was the most profound and the most polished. He is the type of southerner that not only you Americans but we Orientals admire."

"Is the prince going to study at the University of Virginia, after he has completed his work at Cornell?" was asked.

"I do not know just what the prince's plans are, after he shall leave Cornell," said Mr. Majumdar, "but he probably will visit the south and see tobacco plantations."

PRINCE ATTRACTS ATTENTION.

Mr. Majumdar and the prince attracted much

attention as they walked about town last evening. They had on a new variety of turbans or "head-neck-ties," as they say the turbans represent. That worn by the prince was green flecked with gold, and was in harmony with the postcards displayed in a shop window in honor of St. Patrick's Day.

"The prince reads the News," said Mr. Majumdar, "and his father, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, India, will likely be one of your readers too, because we have sent him copies of the write-up printed Feb. 29 which we both consider the most accurate and best written interview appearing in any of the papers in this country."

The reporter salaamed.

"The News will be greatly pleased to number among its subscribers His Highness the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, India," said the newspaper man.

"Thank you," said the prince with true oriental politeness as he jumped aboard the Eddy Street car with the grace of an American commuter.

The following appeared in the *Washington Times*, in the issue of March 17, 1908:

HINDU VISITOR TO SEE PLANT CULTURE.

Son of Indian Prince Will Follow When Cornell Term Ends.

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Carefully dressed in the approved fashion of an up-to-date American statesman, but with the addition of a vari-colored turban, Indu Bhushan De Majumdar, a distinguished Hindu and a graduate of Cornell University, has arrived in Washington to learn something about plant culture and, in particular, about tobacco raising. Majumdar visited the Department of Agriculture to-day and obtained from Secretary Wilson some valuable data which will be forwarded to India, where the tobacco industry is becoming one of the most important in the country.

The prince is a god-son of Queen Victoria. He is a great sportsman, and incidentally, is as democratic as any member of his class in Cornell.

After visiting the British Ambassador to whom he has letters of introduction, Mr. Majumdar will go to Virginia and South Carolina, where he will remain some time. As soon as the term at Cornell is over he will be joined by Prince Victor Narayan. The prince's father derives his greatest income from his tobacco fields and he desires to adopt American methods. Majumdar has finished a course at the Agricultural Department of Cornell and the prince is now studying there with a view to taking an active part in the management of his father's plantations.

Majumdar is typical of the student from foreign lands, who comes to an American college and loses no opportunity to perfect himself in the selected course of studies. His English is so perfect that many an

American might envy him, and there is only the slightest trace of an accent.

President Schurman of Cornell has interested himself in the two students from India and has provided them with letters of introduction to the Governors of the various States they will visit.

The following appeared in the *News Leader* of Richmond in the issue of April 15, 1908 :

HIGH-CASTE INDIAN GUEST AT RICHMOND.

Graduate of Cornell Will Study Method for Curing Bright Tobacco.

Indu Bhushan De Majumdar, Calcutta, India, called to-day at the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture. Mr. Majumdar is here to study the curing of the bright tobacco for which the State is famous.

The visitor arrived in the city yesterday afternoon and has taken quarter in the Hotel Richmond, where he will be for several days. He is a conspicuous figure, being very dark. His hair is straight and as black as that of any Indian this or any other country ever produced. He is a graduate of Cornell, speaks ex-

APPENDIX

cellent English and is most entertaining as a conversationalist.

The most striking feature of the gentleman's appearance is the turban which adorns his well-shaped head. The turban is of light silk, baby-blue texture, and is trimmed with fine gold lace and braid. The women folk would call it perfectly lovely. Being a high-caste native of India, the gentleman does not remove his head dress when he enters an office.* He wore a vest of crimson hue, a bright tie, a Prince Albert coat and dark trousers. A well-formed mouth contains a set of the prettiest teeth one could wish to see

"I am here to look into the matter of curing the tobacco for which your State is noted," said Mr. Majumdar. "I will be here for some time and will spend the rest of the year in this State and may also go to Durham, N.C., but I will spend the best part of the time near the city of Chatham.

"Prince Victor Narayan of India, is to come here when he shall have completed the term at Cornell. He comes also to study the same question that I shall pursue. I shall have the pleasure to-morrow of calling to see the Governor, Mr. Swanson, and during the week, I shall avail myself of the chance to visit the

*In occidental countries respect is shewn by taking off the hat, whereas in oriental countries, the etiquette on such occasions for persons wearing turbans is to keep the head covered. The newspaper reporter is apparently unaware of the oriental custom.

factories in this city and to become acquainted with the methods for manufacturing the tobacco.

“The cultivation of tobacco is not new to us. We grow a great deal. However, here you employ horses in the cultivation ; in India we use cattle. I will take up the close study of the cultivation, the soil, the curing, and will seek to master the wonderful system for the curing of the leaf.

“We have just ten times the population in India to the square mile that you have. More than 300,000,000 of people, or ten where you have one.”

Mr. Majumdar says he likes the people of this country and that he will go away with the highest appreciation of all that has been done for him.

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